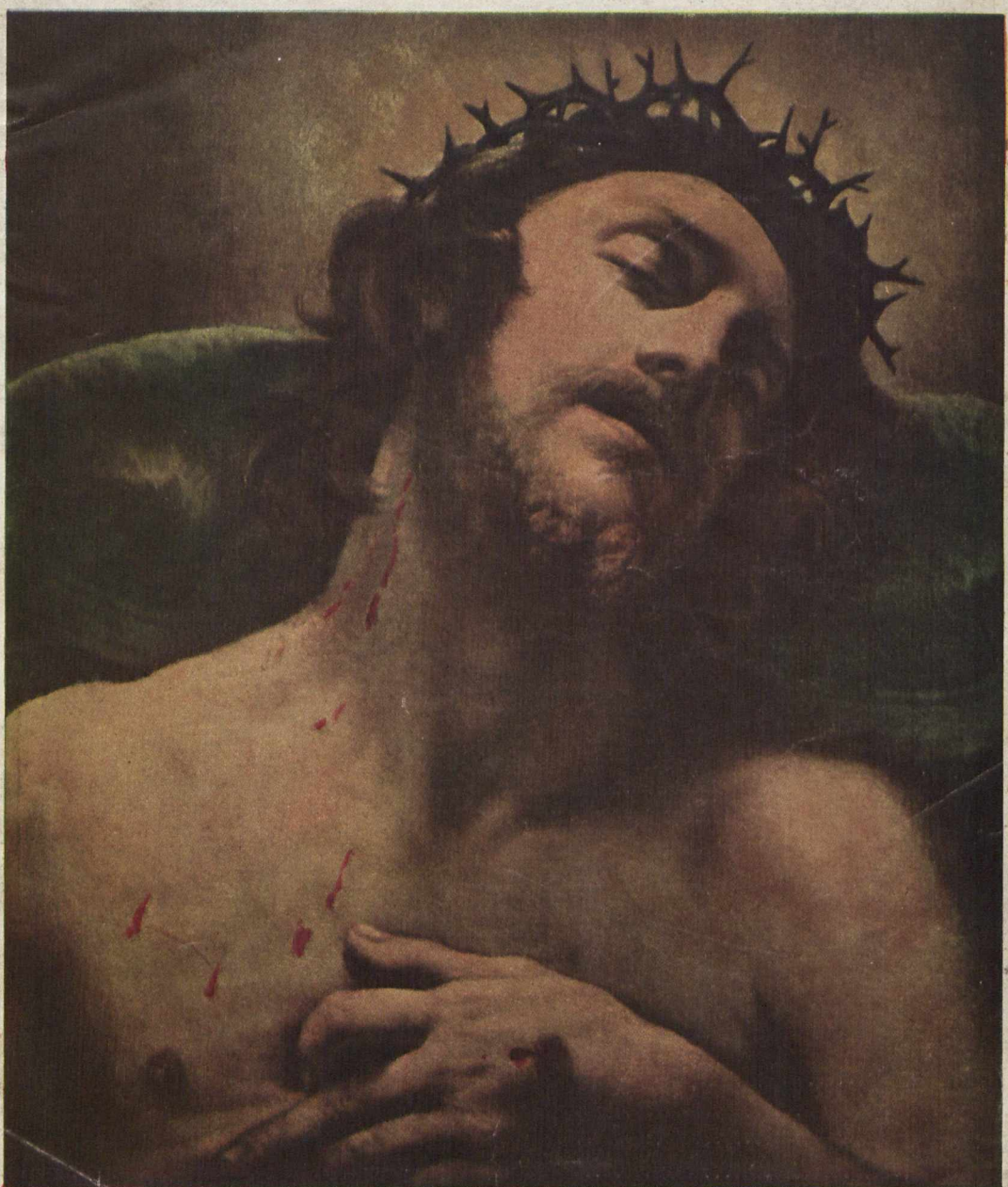
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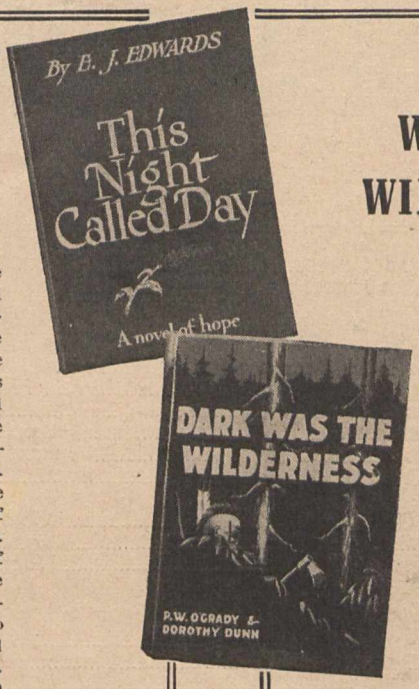
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Write to: **FATHER RECTOR, AUGUSTINIAN SEMINARY**
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Perhaps the Queen of Carmel wants to clothe YOU with the special sign of her love — her scapular. If you are not inclined to teach, work with the Aged and Infirm offers untold possibilities for your talents. Girls from 15 to 35, of good Catholic families, who feel that they have a vocation and who desire to live a life hidden in Christ in a Community dedicated to Mary and Carmel, are welcome to send for descriptive literature or come for a personal interview. Apply to:

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St. Patrick's Home, 66 Van Cortlandt Park South, Bronx 63, N. Y.

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interested in the Religious Life are invited to write for booklet

"Religious Vocation"

published by the
SISTERS OF THE LOVE OF JESUS, O.S.B.
St. Mary's Priory, Barnard Avenue, Victoria, B. C. Canada
Candidates seeking admission to the Novitiate are welcome. There is no age limit.

IS OUR LORD CALLING YOU TO BE A MISSIONARY NUN?

At the present time there is a great cry for help sounding throughout the beautiful Southland of our country — the cry of the colored people outside the true fold. Surely there must be some souls generous enough to offer their services to our Lord in this needy field of labor.

For all information regarding the work, address

THE REVEREND MOTHER PROVINCIAL
CONVENT OF OUR LADY AND ST. FRANCIS
2226 Maryland Avenue Baltimore, Maryland

The Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart,

the Order founded by BLESSED MOTHER CABRINI, invite Generous Souls who wish to devote their lives to the service of the poor by teaching, taking care of the sick, and doing social work in our Country and in Mission Lands to apply at the following address:

REVEREND MOTHER DELEGATE,
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West Park, Ulster County,
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Write to: MOTHER PROVINCIAL
St. Clare Convent Hartwell, Cincinnati, Ohio

FRANCISCAN SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP

an American Congregation founded in 1901, welcome candidates who wish to serve the Lord by serving His little ones, in schools, hospitals, domestic work, and parishes according to one's choice.

For further information please write to:
REV. MOTHER GENERAL
3419 Gasconade Street St. Louis 18, Mo.

The Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor

nurse the sick poor in their own homes, regardless of creed or color, and without remuneration. Young ladies between the ages of 16 and 30, who feel attracted to this Christ-like work, write to the REVEREND MOTHER GENERAL, Convent of St. Joseph, 170 East 210th Street, New York 67, N. Y.

Is our Lord calling you to save souls?

The Hospital Sisters of St. Francis care for God's sick and poor that souls may be brought to Heaven. They also have missions in China and do social service work as well as work among the Colored in the South. Candidates desirous of sharing in this work are invited to write to:

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Hospital Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis
St. Francis Convent Springfield, Illinois

FRANCISCAN CONVENT

Rock Island, Illinois

Franciscan Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of the Order of St. Francis. Community represented in the Diocese of Peoria, Green Bay, and Archdiocese of New York. Candidates to the Sisterhood may apply to

MOTHER GENERAL, 767 - 30th ST., ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME A SISTER?

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Write to Mother M. Ottilia, Sor. D.S., St. Mary's Convent, 3516 West Center Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who receives postulants into the Congregation of the Sisters of the Divine Savior.

PARISH VISITORS OF MARY IMMACULATE

A Religious Community of Missionary Sisters, Trained Catechists and Professional Social Workers. Central Mission House: 328 West 71st Street, New York City. Novitiate: Marycrest Convent, Monroe, Orange County, New York. Write for Information and Free Literature.

The Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer

Dominican Sisters. Congregation of St. Rose of Lima Young women desiring to devote their lives to the religious service of Christ's afflicted poor are earnestly invited to write to Reverend Mother Superior at ROSARY HILL HOME, HAWTHORNE, N. Y.

Vocational Announcements Continued on Page 81

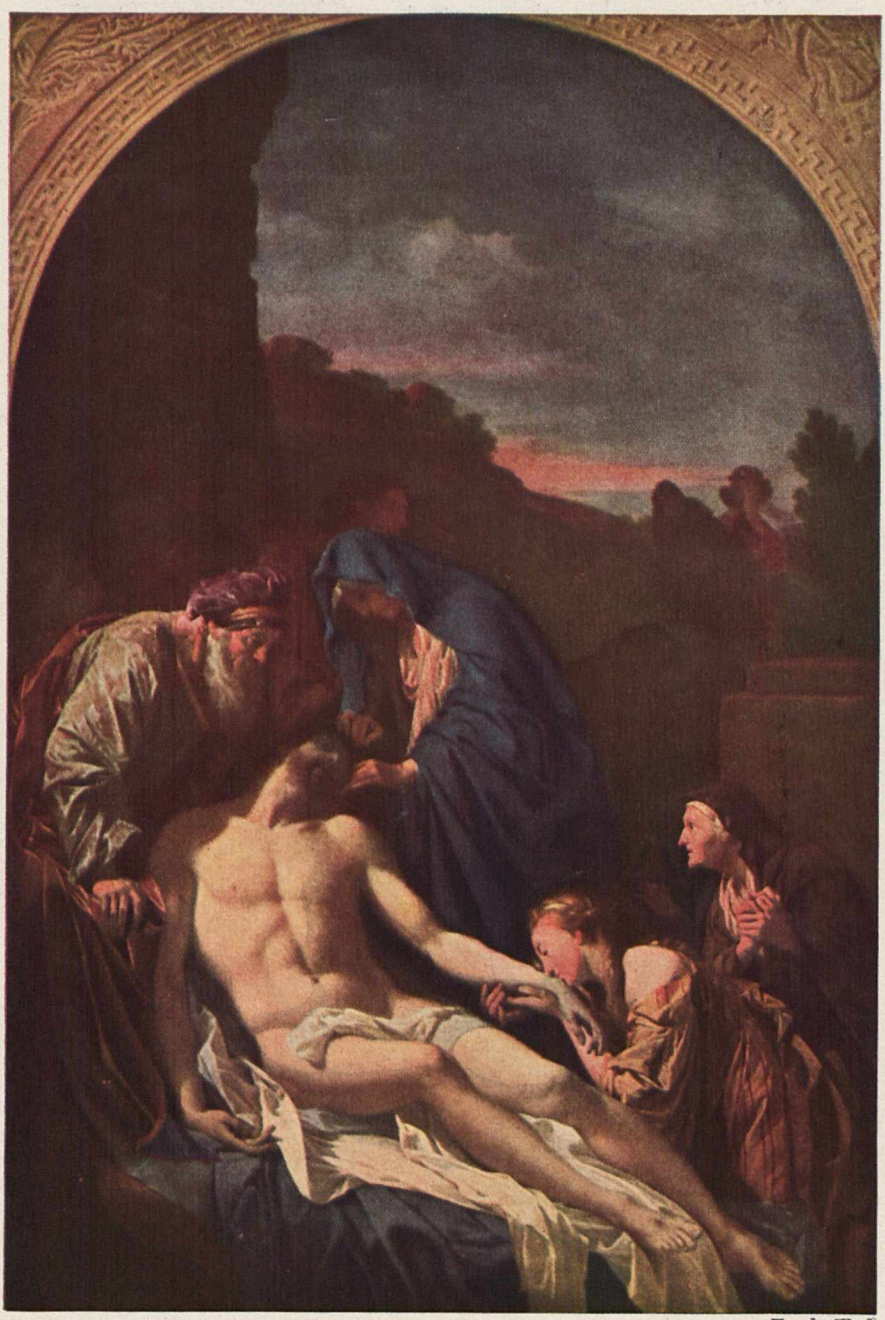
The Entombment

ONE of the saddest events described in the Gospels is the scene of the burial of the Divine Saviour after His death upon Calvary. "Now when it was evening, there came a certain rich man of Arimathea, Joseph by name, who also himself was a disciple of Jesus . . . Then Pilate ordered the body to be given up. And Joseph taking the body wrapped it in a clean linen cloth and laid it in his new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock."

In the opinion of His enemies that incident closed with definite finality the career of the Wonder-Worker of Galilee. They failed, however, to recognize the fact that the Man of Sorrows was the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. No human cruelty, no earthly tomb could put an end to the Divine Life of the Redeemer. On the third day God's Beloved Son rose again gloriously from the dead, as He had predicted.

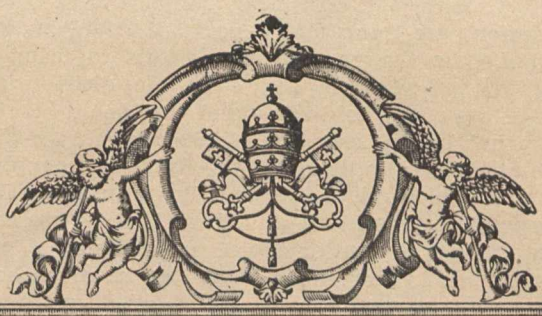
In the recollection of the historical events of the Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Jesus Christ, all Christians find the firm basis for the noble convictions that influence their lives. The Church which He founded, the doctrines which He taught, the Sacraments which he instituted are not the inventions of a mere human being, but the means offered by the Son of God for the salvation of His beloved creatures.

BIBLIOTEKA KUL



Van der Werff

THE ENTOMBMENT



The General Intention

Recommended for this month by our Holy Father the Pope

Preservation of the Faith in Latin America

PETER MASTEN DUNNE, S.J.,
Professor of History, University of San Francisco

THE General Intention of the Apostleship of Prayer for April is the "Preservation of the Faith in Latin America." The Intention is significant, for it would not have been chosen unless there were some danger to the Faith in the other American nations. That real danger exists is recognized by most Catholic observers. Concerning the seriousness of the danger there will be, naturally, differences of opinion. The situation will likewise be different in each of the twenty republics which comprise what we call Latin or Hispanic America; conditions will differ even in certain provinces or dioceses of the same republic. For instance, the Faith (speaking of an intelligent understanding and practice of Catholicism) has been weak in the two republics of the island of Haiti. In Mexico on the other hand, in spite of political combats and actual persecutions, the Faith among the people has remained a living and an ardent characteristic. When we speak of the people of Mexico, we mean the great masses of the poor *mestizo* population (partly Indian, partly Spanish) and of the Indians throughout the nation, especially in that broad belt of country in southern Mexico running west from ocean to ocean, from Vera Cruz to Guadalajara and beyond.

In most parts of Latin America the Faith cannot be said to be vigorous. There is and has long been a widespread indifferentism among the people, especially among the men. In fact, it can be said with some few exceptions that the Church has lost the firm allegiance of the men in Latin America. Not that all of these have "lost the Faith," but they do not practise it while living; dying, many will call a priest. In Argentina, which is approximately ninety-five per cent Catholic in name, and which has enjoyed a completely Catholic background, only thirteen per cent

of the population are practising Catholics, and of these, the men are again but eight or ten per cent. In Paraguay one of the clergy told the present writer that hardly ever do you see a man at Mass, even though on solemn national celebrations the State officials will be present as a matter of attending a national function. For here, as in most other Latin-American countries, Catholicism is the official or quasi-official religion.

ONE of our best Catholic Inter-Americanists who has lived for years in Latin America and knows it well, Dr. Richard Pattee, has written of this widespread indifferentism; and, referring to it in an article in *The Catholic Digest* (May, 1944), he said: "Indifferentism has long been the great problem of Latin-American Catholicism." Dr. Joseph F. Privitera of St. Louis University, in his recent book, "The Latin-American Front" speaks of a certain Latin-American "basic indifference to religion" and he makes a direct address to North American Catholics: "If you wish to see maintained the same Faith that has prevailed in Latin America for the past four hundred and fifty years, then cast off your smug complacency, roll up your sleeves, and get to work."

This very indifference, then, is a danger to the Faith in most parts of Latin America. But there is ignorance too. The people very commonly do not know their Faith — do not understand the rational apologetic of Catholicism. Among the lowly, especially among the Indians of the more isolated districts, superstition, and sometimes even rank idolatry, creeps in to be blent with a confused notion of Christianity.

Another danger is Communism. Its threat (which is not to be exaggerated) could be greatly lessened by efforts to bring about a more equitable distribution of property and wealth.

The reasons for these dangers to the Faith are many, and have been analyzed in other Catholic studies. There is no space to enter into all of them here. A very important one can, however, be indicated: the dearth of clergy. In many parts of South America there are not nearly enough priests to reach the poor Indian or *mestizo,* scattered in far, isolated districts, where the wildness of the country makes it most difficult to reach them, and where climate makes it hazardous to live among them. In Brazil the number of clergy is calamitously inadequate. There are not ten thousand priests to administer to the nation's forty-four million inhabitants, while in the United States some thirty-nine thousand administer to a Catholic population of approximately twenty-four million.

IT is also true that there is often a lack of energetic, progressive methods of evangelization. Many of the clergy have inherited the easy-going Spanish tradition of the colonial era. Because of historical reasons, the priesthood does not appeal as a vocation to many educated young men, so that often the ranks of the clergy are recruited from among the *mestizo,* or the Indians who come from the poorer classes of the people. There is not in Latin America a large middle class, among whom in the United States most of our vocations are developed.

Now all of this would already be a problem. But the situation has of recent years been made more acute by a growing proselytizing zeal on the part of many non-Catholic denominations, whether Protestant or other, such as Jehovah's Witnesses.

Protestants have been active in Latin America for a century and more. They have had some slight success in work among the Catholics, and have made a paltry number of converts.

Since the early 1930's Protestant groups from the United States have increased their social and religious drive. They have come to look upon Latin America as a legitimate and useful field for their religious propaganda and their social organizations in favor of the poor, the diseased, and the uneducated. In the social order some of this work is admirable, for disease and poverty are widespread, and some individual Protestants work at great personal sacrifice and are not not afraid to penetrate into the hot and dangerous jungles of the western Amazonian basin. Where a Catholic priest has never penetrated, they will make Protestant Indians, of course. Through their educational and social work in the towns, they are beginning to gain over a certain number of adherents, and through their proselytizing they act as an irritant to the Catholic clergy and stir up an amount of ill will, even when the numbers they gain over are comparatively small.

As to the harm being done the Catholic cause by these activities, opinions differ. Good and practising Catholic laymen do not seem to take it very seriously, saying that the successes of the Protestants are slight and that they merely scratch the surface. Some bishops, in 1944, such as *Monseñor* Munita of Puerto Montt in Chile or *Monseñor* Holguin of Arequipa in Peru, were not greatly worried, for Protestants had not as yet set foot in their dioceses. Other members of the higher clergy, the bishops of Peru and Argentina, and *Monseñor* Bugarín of Asuncion, Paraguay, were exceedingly anxious over the situation, as were most of the Papal Nuncios resident in the various capitals. A certain number of parish priests, aware of this infiltration of Protestantism, and not knowing other means of combating it, launch forth from the pulpit in thundering denunciations, not only of those who proselytize, but of all Protestants, and even of all the United States where Protestants come from.

Danger unquestionably exists in greater or less degree in the twenty Latin - American republics and their provinces. It will probably increase, because certain Protestant denominations in the United States plan to intensify their religious campaign in the other countries of this hemisphere. In their seminaries, enthusiastic young men are being trained for the missions of the South; and soon, doubtless in good faith, will set forth to carry their form of Christianity to peoples, many of whom the Catholic clergy are not numerous enough or adequately prepared to reach. The Latin-American does not always possess the practical and realistic

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The Morning Offering

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our Associates, and in particular for preservation of the Faith in Latin America.

quality of the North American, nor has he demonstrated great powers of organization. The North American Protestant missionary often carries with him both these qualities; he is, moreover, trained in social work, and is sometimes (but not always) well financed. It will in some cases be difficult to meet this competition, and still further numbers may be drawn away from the Faith.

One remedy lies in what aid the Catholic clergy of the United States may be able and willing to give. Already a beginning has been made. Maryknoll missionaries are laboring in Chile, Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador. Groups of Franciscan missionaries have been working in the interior of Brazil. The Fathers of the Holy Cross have opened up a school in Santiago, Chile. North American nuns have several educational institutions on the west coast. Just as there is need of many more missionaries, so there is need of many more schools administered by Catholic North Americans. These latter institutions are greatly respected by Latin-Americans, and the children flock to them. Protestants have their schools in most of the capitals and in many of the larger towns. Should the movement of sending Catholic missionaries and teachers to Latin America increase abundantly, one danger to the Faith in Latin America, that of Protestant influence, will be diminished. Further lessening of this and the other dangers must rest with the Latin Americans themselves. Hard work, practical methods, and good organization must act as a necessary complement of earnest prayer.

Christ the Redeemer! It is the preeminent devotion among the far-flung Latin-American races. They all have, of course, their famous shrines and sanctuaries of the Madonna, and, in every country, special honor and particular devotion to their own particular Saints and patrons in the Court of Heaven. But throughout the vast continent, wherever the lamp of faith and piety burn brightest, it is God Incarnate, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, who is the object of the people's passionate worship.

Nowhere in Christendom did the burning words of the Supreme Pastor, instituting the great festival of Christ the King, meet a warmer or more fervent response than from the Catholic peoples of the South American Republics. In the very heart of the stupendous range of the Andes, on a great eminence fourteen thousand feet above sea level, stands a colossal statue of Christ the King, a cross in His left hand, and His right raised in blessing.

Catholic Times.



Mission Intention of the League

That False Nationalism May Not Hinder the Spread of Christianity

FALSE nationalism strives for increased national wealth, military power, and world influence, without due regard for the rights and welfare of citizens and of other nations. It has its beginnings in the licensed indulgence of insatiable greed, sometimes masked under the standard of self-preservation; and the State becomes a monster, a proud, impersonal colossus, a false god to whom human sacrifice is offered with fanatical devotion. The worship of the true God of all nations is decried as aboriginal folly; and, today, the Catholic Church is openly and notoriously persecuted in civilized lands with diabolic fury. The voices of indignant protest are scattered and unnoted in the world amphitheatre.

While the council of nations sits in judgment on matters of world security, Christianity must not be allowed to be sentenced to death. The strategy of false nationalism is to free politics from the practical influence of truth by religious persecution, or by making united politics depend upon religious indifference, in the name of tolerance. As our Holy Father said in his Christmas Message: "Liberalism strove to create, without the Church or in opposition to her, a unity built on lay culture and secularized humanism . . . [The Church] is not, because of her supra-national character, placed aloft, as though suspended in an inaccessible isolation above the nations . . . The more the veil is lifted from the origin and increase of those forces which brought about the war, the clearer it becomes that they were the heirs, the bearers, and continuers of errors of which the essential element was the neglect, overthrow, denial, and contempt of Christian thought and principles." Experience should have taught us that "politicians who think otherwise pile up only ruins."

Diabolic Absolutism over prostrate nations and their dependencies must not be protected by an intention to rule the world independently of the laws of God. The Charter of the United Nations does not mention His name, but God accepts the acts of individuals in favor of the whole world. We must pray fervently in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a just peace in which the Church and her Missions may flourish in all lands.

"BEHOLD THIS HEART"

By H. J. HEAGNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY CORNELIA BURKE

IN THE PRECEDING PARTS:

While Margaret Mary was still a young child, her father died; and during years of poverty and sickness, she remained with her mother, while her brothers went to school. The family was reunited when the oldest son became twenty-one; the estate was now in prosperous condition, due to strict and harsh management by relatives. Death took two of her brothers, and a third entered the seminary. Chrysostom married; and the mother, Madame Philiberte Alacoque, clung to Margaret Mary, and wished her to renounce a vow to enter the convent. Margaret, when ill, had made the vow at the suggestion of her mother in the hope of a cure from a long paralysis; and so she became a Novice in the Visitation Convent at Paray-le-Monial. The Superioress, Mother de Saumaise, puzzled by Margaret's unusual absorption in prayer, after long hesitation approved of granting her the Religious vows. Margaret became the subject of much criticism because of apparent unsuitability for community life in a Visitation convent.

VII.

ON a day within the Octave of Corpus Christi, 1674, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed on the altar in the chapel of the Visitation Convent at Paray-le-Monial. Sister Margaret Mary kneels upright behind the grille. Her large and somewhat staring eyes are immovably fixed on the round, immaculate Host in the golden monstrance. As usual, she presents herself before the Blessed Sacrament with an immediate, absorbed attention. Jesus is there, and her soul goes questing out to Him.

Even while she watches, overwhelmed, the pointed ends of the monstrance seem no longer to be lifeless metal, but dart away in blazing splendor. Margaret Mary sees a wonderful transformation as our Lord appears before her. He is brilliant in glory, and around Him is a vast aura of light before which the dazzling sun would be a dim and feeble flicker. His appearance arouses within her heart so great a joy that it is almost impossible to bear.

The great works of the immortal artists have only miserably conceived the beauty and majesty of His face and figure. There never was among the children of men an equal beauty. He is clad in a long tunic of gleaming whiteness, so soft and yet so dazzling that it is like no known material. The wounds on His hands and feet are so gloriously

Margaret Mary receives another great revelation, and is allowed to share in the sadness which the Sacred Heart endured during the Agony in the Garden



JESUS IS THERE

brilliant that she can only describe them later as "shining like suns." His whole Sacred Humanity is bathed in celestial fire, and most of all His breast, the center from which it radiates.

Forever and forever could Margaret Mary kneel before her King, and silently gaze at the incomprehensible glory of His Person. But her penetrating vision is suddenly arrested by a movement of the Saviour. His right hand inclines towards His breast, and, as it touches it, His Heart, burning with the fire of infinite love, is displayed as the source of the divine conflagration.

As Margaret Mary continues to gaze and adore, the radiance of that Divine countenance is shadowed by a look of unspeakable sadness. Jesus speaks.

"If men rendered Me some return of love, I should esteem little all I have done for them, and should wish, if such could be, to suffer it over again; but they meet My eager love with coldness and rebuffs. Do you, at least, console and rejoice Me, by supplying as much as you can for their ingratitude."

Margaret Mary's soul cries out in compassionate adoration. Her heart pulsates with divine fire;

she prostrates herself before Him, and longs to suffer for His sake. Her only wish is to love Him, and make others love Him. Our Lord tells her that her love consoles and rejoices Him. He asks her to make up, as far as she is able, for all the ingratitude and coldness of a hardened and sinful world. She trembles, for she envisions a vast barrier of ice, a huge frozen mountain, which she must melt with a tiny flame. Immense and hopeless task!

Jesus speaks again.

"Fear not. I will be thy strength. Listen to what I desire of thee, and this shall prepare thee for the accomplishment of My designs. Receive Me in the Blessed Sacrament on the First Friday of every month. And, to accompany Me in that humble prayer which I offered My Father at that time in the midst of all My anguish, you will rise between eleven o'clock and midnight, and you will prostrate yourself humbly, your face to the ground, for an hour, both to appease the Divine anger by asking mercy for sinners, and to soften in some sort the bitter sorrow that I felt at being abandoned by My Apostles..."

* * *

SISTER Margaret Mary was found lying on the chapel floor, and the frightened Sisters tried to rouse her, but she could neither speak nor walk. She was taken before Mother de Saumaise, who spoke to her severely, and in a most humiliating manner, which filled Margaret Mary with a great joy.

Overcome by fever, she was taken to the infirmary, and Dr. Billet, who enjoyed the reputation of being a most skilled physician, was unable to arrive at any explanation of the young Sister's condition. This was not the first time he had been called to attend her, and on each occasion Mother de Saumaise had answered his searching questions quite frankly. The doctor was a deeply religious man; one of his brothers was a Jesuit priest, and his niece was a Sister in this very convent; all of which made it easier for the Mother Superior to discuss with him Sister Alacoque's strange trances.

"She is seriously ill, Doctor?" asked Mother de Saumaise.

"She is very weak, and her fever is high. If I could ascertain the cause, I could prescribe the proper treatment," answered the doctor dubiously.

"Do you believe she will recover, Doctor?" pressed the Mother anxiously.

"YES, Mother, that is my opinion," he said slowly. "Sister Alacoque is capable of enduring great pain. It may be that her soul is so troubled with some thought that — "

"Then you think she is suffering from a mental disorder? Please do not hesitate to tell me — "

The physician interrupted her with an emphatic shake of the head.

"No, no, Mother! Do not misunderstand me!" he said imperatively. And then, resuming a reflective manner, he went on, "However, I think there is a mental struggle of some kind that is the basis for her physical condition. I shall be able to judge better after observing her for a few days."

The Mother Superior remained in her cell for hours, trying to piece together the broken sentences, the fragmentary and inadequate account Margaret Mary had given of her vision. At last Mother de Saumaise reached a decision, the only one which seemed reasonable to her.

It hurt the sympathetic heart of the Superior when she visited Margaret Mary in the infirmary, and the sick nun timidly asked for per-

mission to receive Holy Communion on the Frst Friday, and to observe the Holy Hour. In all honesty, Mother de Saumaise could not conceal her dubious opinion of Margaret Mary's vision. And that doubt wounded the afflicted Sister Alacoque deeply, for her sole intent was to fulfill the Divine commands.

Mother de Saumaise leaned over and took the limp hand into her own.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, my child," she said gently, "but I must refuse permission. You are not well enough to get up."

Margaret Mary's eyes wore an anguished look of grief. Here at the very outset she was unable to follow her Beloved's commands. Oh, if only Mother de Saumaise knew the impetuous urge of her heart!

Mother de Saumaise began to speak slowly:

"But, if you were strong enough — if the fever and fainting were to go away —— Sister Margaret Mary, ask God to cure you, and that shall be a sign."

Margaret Mary felt a surge of gladness; then, suddenly, her heart shrank within her; it almost seemed like tempting God. At the same time, so confident was she of His goodness that she experienced a repugnance for asking a release from suffering. At last, against her own inclination, and in a spirit of obedience, she asked God to cure her.

INSTANTLY the fever began to subside, and, before the astonished eyes of the Reverend Mother, Margaret Mary was visibly recovering her strength. She arose from bed, and was permitted to go unassisted to the chapel, in order to make an act of thanksgiving to her Sovereign Lord.

Permission was granted her to honor our Lord's Agony by watching one hour on Thursday night, and to receive Communion on the First Friday.

And yet, in spite of the cure, Mother de Saumaise was still deeply troubled and uncertain. Realizing that the problem was too much for her alone, she decided to consult priests who might be able to discover the truth about the Sister's claims. She asked Margaret Mary to write a complete and detailed account of her interior life and revelations.

MOTHER de Saumaise had a great surprise in store for her when she studied Sister Alacoque's account. Written in large, clear letters, the language was as individual as the handwriting. The simplicity, the originality, the transparent sincerity, could not but arouse a sympathetic attitude; yet her mind still resisted the authority of the words, and she sought the advice of Father Michon, the community's Father Confessor.

A simple, pious priest from the parish church of St. Nicholas, his learning was just sufficient for his sacred office. With great reluctance he listened to the Mother Superior's taik of mystic ecstasies. Being a kind-hearted man, he did not abruptly dismiss the subject, even though he found it annoying. But Mother de Saumaise continued to press the point sharply. Father Michon squirmed in his chair, and at last said:

"Mother de Saumaise, I think it would be wise to bring in someone learned in theological matters — perhaps Father Papon, whom you know very well. Then, too, there is the great biblical scholar, Father Francois. I could ask them to help you in these difficult problems."

The humble suggestion was an excellent one, but the choice of con-

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sultors was unfortunate. The examination by the learned theologians was an exquisite torture to the sensitive Sister Alacoque. She had developed such an interior state of mind, that, to her, the exterior world had become painful. From the outset, she was greatly confused. She stumbled and hesitated, was incapable of answering the questions they put to her.

MOTHER de Saumaise, present at the examination, was bitterly disappointed in Sister Margaret Mary. Indeed, it hardly seemed possible that this could be the same person who had written so fluently and so lucidly of her visions. Father Michon took no part in the investigation, but watched Sister Alacoque's flushed face with a feeling of pity. His kind heart was afflicted as he sensed something of her humiliation and inward suffering. Poor creature, why couldn't she be sensible and pray in the ordinary way like the other Sisters, without all this excitement and investigation and puzzlement, this prolonged, heartless vivisection of a living mind?

The theologians were not cruel men. They had not the slightest wish to hurt Sister Alacoque; nor had they the slightest belief in her revelations. They felt that the easiest way to cure this romantic pietist was to dismiss in a light manner her absurd and ridiculous statements.

Margaret Mary left the room, but not before she heard the booming voice of Father Francois declare:

"She needs more nourishment for her body. When the stomach is too empty, the head becomes too full. Give her soup, Reverend Mother, plenty of good soup with many vegetables."

After the theological inquisition, Sister Margaret Mary was in a state of despair. A ponderous weight pressed down on her spirit, shutting out all joy. Her great opportunity to tell the proper Church authorities of the wondrous revelations of the Sacred Heart was lost. She was an obstacle to Its loving designs. She wanted to run away and hide, but where could she run, to what hiding place? She dared not confide further in Mother de Saumaise, for the Superior must be disgusted with her foolish replies. She must now consider her ridiculous.

Sister Margaret Mary fled to the chapel. "I shall hide in His Heart," she said to herself. "Though I have failed Him, He will not fail me."

As she knelt, her dark, fearful thoughts began to dissolve. Her gaze fell lovingly on the tabernacle. Outside, the day was ending; shadows fell softly in the chapel. It was very still, very peaceful.

She heard words spoken in her soul; strong, tender, calming words:

"I will send you My perfect servant and faithful friend. Confide in him. Fear not."

Joy and gratitude flooded her whole being.

* * *

ON a cold, raw afternoon in mid-February, 1675, the Sisters were gathered in the community room for the recreation hour. Today there was something very interesting to discuss — the new Jesuit Superior, just arrived in Paray. Interest centered around several Paray Sisters who were sometimes visited in the parlor by their old schoolmate, *Mademoiselle* Marie de Lionne, a young woman of exceptionally wide social experience. From her the Sisters had received first-hand information regarding Father Claude de la Colombière.

"Father de la Colombière is really brilliant," Sister Genevieve said impressively. "He was a professor at



"THAT IS A CHOSEN SOUL," SAID FATHER DE LA COLUMBIERE

Trinity, and is known as a distinguished preacher."

"Imagine burying a man like that in Paray!" exclaimed Sister Magdalen. "Think of leaving Trinity College, where they must have two thousand students, and being assigned to a little school of thirty!"

"One cannot always tell why changes are made in a Religious Order," spoke up an elderly nun.

"Very true, Sister Elizabeth," agreed Sister Magdalen, "but I cannot help being very curious."

"I have heard it said," remarked one young Sister, "that he knows the King."

There was a murmur of astonishment at the remark, which Sister Celeste, also of Paray, explained,

"Father de la Colombière was tutor to the sons of the Minister of Finance for several years."

Her listeners were impressed, for even in this small cloister of distant Burgundy, the renown of the all-powerful Jean Baptiste Colbert was well-known.

"My, my!" said Sister Magdalen. "The new Superior — is he old?"

"Oh, yes!" broke in Sister Rosselin. "Didn't some one say he was in the thirties?"

The ingenuous observation drew smiles from many.

"That is right," laughed Sister Genevieve. "I know that he has been professed only a short while."

"Then he's a young priest," said Sister Elizabeth, "just at the beginning of his life work, one might say."

"And they send a man like that here!" said Sister Magdalen. "That's a mystery, isn't it, Sister?" she remarked to the nun sitting next to her at the long table. She had taken no part in the general conversation, and looked up, when addressed, with a startled air.

"I'm sorry, Sister, I didn't hear what you said. I'm afraid I wasn't paying attention."

Sister Magdalen favored her with a look of amused tolerance. How typical of Sister Margaret Mary — wool-gathering while such an interesting personality was being discussed!

"We were talking about the new Jesuit Superior. He's *so* distinguished. He used to be at the court of the King in Paris; and now they've sent him to this little place. Don't you think that's strange?"

Margaret Mary hesitated, as if groping for words.

"Perhaps he is tired and needs a rest. Perhaps God wants him here for some reason."

She hardly heard Sister Magdalen's crisp rejoinder, for just then the bell rang, marking the close of the recreation hour.

NEXT day, Mother de Saumaise announced to the community that Father de la Colombière would hold a spiritual conference at the Visitation on February 15. It was to be in preparation for the Lenten Ember Days, early in March, when he would act as Extraordinary Confessor to the nuns. The conference would be their first opportunity to hear the gifted preacher.

On the day of the conference the nuns filed into their stalls behind the grille. The young Jesuit stood quietly waiting on the altar-steps. The Religious observed a tall, slender man with pale, oval face, and high forehead. His hair was dark, and his deep-set eyes, under sharply defined brows, bore the look of fatigue.

Sister Margaret Mary took her usual place among the younger nuns. Only vaguely did she notice the priest on the other side of the grille. Her vision was directed beyond him to the tabernacle door. Then Father de la Colombière began to speak, his words low and modulated as became the size of the place and the character of his listeners.

WHEN he began to speak, Sister Margaret Mary looked at him. He said but a few sentences, when suddenly his face blurred, and she could no longer hear, for in her soul a powerful and compelling voice, the voice of the Beloved, spoke within her heart.

"This is he whom I have sent to you."

The priest stood out clearly before her, and, like her companions, she listened in rapt attention.

Facing the grille, the Jesuit saw slight movements; heads were raised or thrust forward, faint rustlings reached his ears. And then a strange occurrence took place. From the indistinguishable mass, a single countenance stood out in perfect clarity. The eyes were dark pools of unshed tears; the heavy, horizontal brows and generous mouth revealed depths of personality, and a crying spiritual need.

When the conference was over, Father de la Colombière repaired to the parlor, where he received the gracious thanks of the Mother Superior. He responded in his simple, reserved manner; then seemed to delay his departure. Quite abruptly, he asked:

"Who was it that was sitting in the third stall from the end?"

Mother de Saumaise was astonished by the question. It had no connection with what had gone before.

"Why, that was Sister Margaret Mary Alacoque," she answered, her voice expressing her surprise.

"That is a chosen soul," said Father de la Colombière. The statement was made in almost a casual manner; then he turned and left.

Very slowly, the Mother Superior walked back to her cell. The conference had been inspiring and edifying, but she was not thinking about it. Her mind was concerned with that overawing expression — "a chosen soul." What manner of man, this new priest in Paray, that instantly he selected the very nun who had been her chief problem since she had become Superior? She was in awe at one who could read souls and make such judgments. How and why did he settle upon Sister Margaret Mary? It was enough to make one uneasy. Again, what manner of woman was Sister Margaret Mary who could, without opening her mouth, draw his attention in such a striking fashion?

AS Extraordinary Confessor to the nuns, Father Claude returned to the convent a few weeks later during the Ember days. He took his place in the confessional, and prayed briefly that he might be prudent and kind and correct in whatever judgments he would make. He spoke to each one briefly, and pronounced the words of absolution with a deep sense of the power given to him by the Sacrament of Orders; and during these moments, he felt the presence of God in a manner that moved his soul to the most humble adoration of the Divine goodness and mercy.

Of a sudden, his heart quickened. Though this penitent had simply asked his blessing, he was aware immediately that it was Sister Margaret Mary. Her Confession was very brief — almost hurried. He sensed her anxiousness to be finished and to leave, as though in order to escape the immediacy of some experience that she dreaded.

Nevertheless, gently, he began to question the penitent. She answered hurriedly, in an almost inaudible murmur. Puzzled, yet impelled to draw her out, he persisted. Every attempt at encouragement was thwarted. She would reveal nothing.

THE Confessor was keenly disappointed, for he could realize the turmoil passing in her breast. Margaret Mary still suffered from her experience at the hands of the theologians; and this questioning, though kindly, brought forcibly to her mind the harrowing interrogations when her ecstatic visions had been dismissed with incredulous derision which had seared her soul; it made her almost sick to think of further self-revelation. And now this emotion was sealing her lips, turning her away from the promised friend. She knew this was he; and he spoke as if he understood the secrets of her soul.

And so Father Claude permitted her to go. The realization that he had somehow failed left him with a sense of blank defeat. As for Margaret Mary, she was desolated. She condemned herself bitterly for the cowardice that made her throw away a God-given opportunity. What must the Heart of Jesus feel? She had failed her Lord again, and rebuffed His servant.

His many pressing obligations, and a series of missions in the surrounding towns, kept him away from Paray-le-Monial until May. On his return, he found a note from

Mother de Saumaise, asking him to call at the Visitation convent. She had something of importance to discuss with him. He sensed at once that it concerned Sister Alacoque. Perhaps this time he could do something to fulfill a sense of obligation which had followed him on his mission tour.

His surmise proved correct, for Mother de Saumaise plunged at once into the problem of Sister Alacoque. Father Claude noted the helplessness, almost despair, in the Mother's voice as she poured out her story. He listened with silent attention to every word, and his fine, sensitive face expressed sympathy as well as interest. He could understand now the reasons for Sister Alacoque's reticence in the confessional, and his heart was touched. This time he would win the confidence of the tortured, repressed soul. God would give him the words to unloose the heavy burden that oppressed her. He rose with a sudden alert movement, and spoke with characteristic directness.

"I am going to the chapel, Reverend Mother. Kindly invite the Sister to come to me there."

When Sister Margaret Mary entered the confessional, she experienced once more a paralyzing dread, and, falling to her knees, she cried: "Father, I have a deep horror of revealing my soul to you!"

"Then I am glad, my daughter," came the unexpected rejoinder, "to be the means of enabling you to make this sacrifice to God."

Margaret Mary took a deep breath, and the suffocating pounding of her heart grew still. She was no longer frightened and trembling. There on the other side of the veiled screen was the Heaven-sent friend for whom she had such desperate need. His words were a challenge to self-immolation that broke down the barrier. Margaret Mary closed her eyes and bowed her head. Her folded hands were quiet on her breast.

[Continued on page 79]

One Touch of Thine

Oh, Thou who at the wedding-feast
  Changed water into wine,
Perform a greater miracle
  And change this heart of mine!

Lord, Thou didst quell the raging storm,
  Didst bid the winds be still;
Wilt Thou not calm my troubled mind,
  And curb my headstrong will?

O Healer of the halt and blind!
  Physician of the soul!
One word, one look, one touch of Thine —
  Lord Jesus, make me whole!

Sister Mary Agatha, O.P.

Be a Living Sermon

Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J.

TALL, gaunt, clad in camel's skin, John the Baptist walked out from the inner desert to preach to the crowd that had come out to see this new Elias. Challenged to tell who he was, he pithily summed himself up in one word: "a voice." Analyze his character, his work, his life as much as you will, no better description can ever be found, no better diagnosis can ever be made. The whole man, his whole mission, his whole life was a voice crying aloud. His every move was a call to higher things, his every action was a challenge to be done with the passing stuff of time. Though he preached, it was not his words that broke men and women away from sinful lives. His life was the greatest sermon he ever preached.

> *I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness.*
>
> St. John i, 23.

What John the Baptist was, that I too should be. No matter who I am, little or big, obscure or internationally known, young or old, my very life must tell of God, of His truths, of His love. What I do and my way of doing it, what I say and my way of saying it, where I go and with whom I go, my pleasures and the way I take them — each and all, singly and unitedly, must speak eloquently and demandingly of God.

It is easy to preach of God in words, easy to write of Him and His overwhelming truths; anyone can do that, yes, even when his own heart and life are far from God. But the hardest sermon ever preached and the one that men cannot help listening to is the sermon of a life. And you cannot fool men there. Pious words that are not imbedded in a holy life have a hollow ring; exhortations that come from unsanctified lips die in the ears of the hearers; talk of God that springs not from a heart close to God never reaches into the hearts of others.

Mother, father, and child, sister and brother, each can be to the other a living sermon if within the home the spirit of Nazareth really reigns. There need be little "pious talk," if only the spirit of Jesus and Mary and Joseph holds sway therein from rising time through breakfast on through the day, across the dinner table, until the hour at the very end of day.

Priest and Religious, teacher and writer may talk all they want of God, may try to spur others on to ways of virtue, but there will be scant harvest in their listeners' lives unless they reap open harvest in their own.

Dear Lord Jesus, I want to do all the good I can in the world, and to lead closer to You all those with whom I live and deal. It is easy to talk about You, for there is so much to You; but that isn't what counts. It's my life that must speak of You — loudly, appealingly, convincingly; and that's not easy. I'll need Your grace for that; so please give it to me that I may be always and everywhere a living sermon.



To Know Him More Intimately

Thorn-Crowned King

IN the late morning of the first Good Friday our Lord, carefully guarded as a criminal, stood on the portico of the palace of Pontius Pilate. His head crowned with thorns, His hands bound with rope, His shoulders covered in mockery with royal purple, He appeared to be at that moment the pitiful victim of utter defeat. And yet to the pointed question of the Roman governor concerning His royalty Christ had answered, "Thou sayest it; I am a King. This is why I was born, and why I have come into the world, to bear witness to the truth. Everyone who is of the truth hears My voice."

Standing humbly before the vast multitude of His own beloved creatures, the Son of God waited with patience for their judgment of His Kingship. During all His days among them, fair opportunity was given to all to observe His kingly attributes. He was different from any other king they had ever seen or read about. "My Kingdom is not of this world." He was poor, without the customary luxuries of royalty. He was not inclined to insist exclusively on His selfish rights to the detriment of His subjects. He was at all times the selfless servant of even the lowly and the afflicted, speaking to them constantly only in the terms of love.

Pilate seemed to be coldly detached from the full significance of the situation. As Roman governor of the locality, he had an annoying duty to perform. The consequences of the trial were a matter of indifference to him. Close as he was to the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, his pagan heart was little concerned with the possibility that Eternal Truth was his prisoner, bruised and bleeding; that Divine Omnipotence was restricted with rope; that Divine Love was a despised captive. Pointing to the thorn-crowned Saviour, Pilate exclaimed in a loud voice to the crowd, "Behold your King!"

There was no friendly voice in the vast throng to prolong the echo of that glorious salutation to Christ the King. Where were the disciples of the Divine Master, who had lived so intimately with Him and listened to His eloquent words of wisdom and witnessed many of His miracles? Where were the thousands who had shared in the blessings of the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes on the hillside? Where were the blind, the deaf, the lepers, who had been cured by the Wonder-Worker of Galilee? Had



"SHALL I CRUCIFY YOUR KING?"

they all forgotten so soon what the Divine Saviour had done for them? Were fear and human respect the reasons for their heartless ingratitude?

On that memorable occasion no words of affectionate loyalty reached the ears of the Holy Redeemer, but only a piercing cry of bitterness, "Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him!" No cutting scourge or pointed lance could inflict a more painful wound on the Sacred Heart of Jesus than the sad realization that human souls of His own making could be so blinded by prejudice and full of hate that they scorned and rejected the Son of God. It seemed that even Pilate could not believe the verdict he heard, as he insisted, "Shall I crucify your King?" The leaders of the mob gave voice to the considered opinion of the people, "We have no king but Caesar." Jesus was taken and led away to be crucified.

DURING the days of Lent especially, the minds of loyal Christians are occupied with thoughts of the Sacred Passion of Christ, patiently endured for the Redemption of all mankind. The recollection of the sufferings and sorrows of our Lord makes manifest to all sincere hearts that Divine Love has spoken of His affection for every human soul in the eloquent language of sacrifice. At the same time the extremes become more clearly defined between the coldness and the warmth, the indifference and the thoughtfulness, the ingratitude and the mercy of the Son of God and of His beloved creatures.

The scene once enacted centuries ago before the palace of Pilate is repeated over and over again in the modern world in the lives of all Christians. The time and the circumstances are different but the issue remains the same. In the home, in the office, on the streets, the human wills of men and women are confronted with the choice of acknowledging the complete dominion of Jesus Christ as the ruler of their lives or rejecting Him with the resentful cry, "We have no king but Caesar."

It is only a person with a fervent faith in the God-Man who can discern the trappings of royalty in poverty, humility, and selflessness. It is only the mind that has a clear vision of the supernatural nature of His Kingdom that is willing to sacrifice the passing treasures of this world in exchange for the love and the grace of the King. It is only the loyal heart that is courageous enough to proclaim day after day by the fidelity of a holy life his subjection to the Divine King. It is only a true follower of a thorn-crowned King who is willing to tread valiantly in His footsteps all the way to Calvary. "He who does not take up his cross and follow Me is not worthy of Me. He who finds his life will lose it, and he who loses his life for My sake will find it."

THE ignorance, the indifference, the prejudice, the hatred that took possession of many men's minds and hearts in the past still veil the sight of others today to the truth that their thorn-crowned King leads the way to true peace and happiness in time and eternity. Some people can delude themselves for a time that the rejection of Christ and His principles can bring them the desired joy of success in this world. In their rebellion against the benign influence of Christ the King, they involve themselves in the worst of all slaveries, the slavery of sin.

Sooner or later the person with faith in his heart learns that defiance of the laws of Jesus Christ,



THE ROAD TO CALVARY

the King, brings only the loss of the most precious things a human being can possess — His love and His grace. The man or woman who has offended the Divine Master seriously, in the quiet of personal reflection, will admit that no thrill of passion or the comforts of avarice or the intoxication of indulgence can compensate for the loss of the friendship of Christ. The Eternal Lover has been exchanged for a momentary satisfaction of selfishness. The affection of the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been rejected for the fickle esteem of human creatures. In place of the love, the enlightenment, and peace of Divine grace, the sinner has a conscience struggling with remorse, a heart full of regrets, and a soul crushed with sorrow.

WHEN the members of the League of the Sacred Heart reflect on the abundant proofs of love our Lord gave to each one of them during His Passion and Death, and they examine the coldness and indifference of their response, they are reminded impressively of the need of a renewed consecration and a more constant reparation to Him. The Blessed Redeemer speaks to men, women, and children of the present as He did to St. Margaret Mary in the Seventeenth Century, "Behold this Heart which has so loved men that It has spared nothing even to exhausting and wearing Itself out, to manifest to them Its love; and in return I receive from the most of them only ingratitude shown by their irreverence and sacrileges, and by the coldness and contempt they have for Me in the Blessed Sacrament of Love."

The Divine Saviour showed to St. Margaret Mary His lance-pierced Heart, flaming with love, surmounted by a cross, encircled with thorns, the emblems of His Sacred Passion. All generations were thus to be reminded of the sharp contrast between the inconstancy and coldness of human love and the selfless loyalty of the Son of God toward all His creatures that paid so generously for their Redemption. Man's contribution to that picture are a cross, an instrument of death; the thorns, a means of torture; the wound, the sad effect of cruelty. The Divine King offers His Heart always burning with light to illumine the darkened minds of men, with power to strengthen their weakened wills, with warmth to enkindle repentant affection.

DEVOTED hearts, conscious of their privilege as members of the Mystical Body of Christ of living intimately with Him in sanctifying grace, will strive especially during the Lenten season to respond with true affection to the pleadings of the thorn-crowned King. In the circumstances of their daily life the opportunities are offered to them of imitating the patience, the humility, the charity of the Holy Redeemer. In their participation in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the reception of the Blessed Eucharist each day, they can offer the comfort of their affection to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in reparation for their own sins and the sins of the world.

The thorn-crowned King was truly a victim of love. He was willing to undergo the most severe physical and mental sufferings rather than turn against even those who rejected, tortured, and crucified Him. Sincere hearts can never be satisfied with a cold or indifferent response to such inspiring affection. In the constancy of their loyalty, in the earnestness of their pious determination to be like Christ, they too can be victims of love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

VINCENT DE P. HAYES, S.J.

Friend of the Crucified

(St. Francis of Assisi)

There is no special love that has no special pain;
There is no bright-eyed sky that does not weep
with rain;
No sun-kissed rose of Spring
That feels not autumn's sting.
No joy begins, alas, without some gladness lost;
No flaming summer field escapes the winter frost.

Oh, Francis, you of five live flames, how deep the
throes
Exchanged for ecstasy when you received Christ's
glows!
How sweet His yoke — and yet
What poignancy to get!
But, ah, what sorrow you could bear, what ache
sustain,
Enraptured by the bitter sweetness of Love's pain!

Robert O'Connell, S.J.

THE COMPLETE PICTURE

FATHER Wilson stood at the front window of the rectory watching the rain. It was a soft Spring rain which would help to wash the streets, and this part of the city to which he had recently been sent as pastor was in need of a cleaning. Not only its streets, but its people, and particularly its youngsters. Father Wilson was not the only one aware of this. His Bishop had pointed out this fact when he had transferred him.

The new Pastor was worried. Where to start and how, were the questions disturbing his mind. He had gone over the parish records many times since his arrival a month ago, each time becoming a little more disheartened at the amount of juvenile delinquency among his children. His new parish numbered about three thousand families. Yet one could not name a single square block in which some youngster hadn't been in some trouble with the authorities.



"FATHER WILSON, OF ALL PEOPLE!"

Until today the priest had kept this vital problem in the back of his mind; now he must get busy. One of his assistants had been very helpful in naming a few families on whom he could depend for practical help in this matter. Hopefully he selected an address near the rectory, took up his hat, and left the house. He walked quickly through the rain, hoping that Mrs. McGuire would be at home when he arrived.

As he turned the first corner, he could not help but notice that at one time this neighborhood must have been one of the finest in the city. The well-spaced houses still maintained a certain dignity. The ornate iron and stone trimming displayed on many of them bore silent witness to the wealth of the original

By GENE ALLAN

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE J. TETZEL

youngsters behind wooden gates on porches.

Reaching the fourth block, the priest began to notice the house numbers. Sighting the one he had noted at the rectory, he turned toward it. It was just the kind of house he had hoped it would be. Once on the large porch, he shook the rain from his hat and rang the bell.

When the heavy oak door swung open, Mrs. McGuire sighted her unexpected guest and gasped out in surprise,

A PICTURE OF SILENT STREETS AT MIDNIGHT IS MORE THAN HALF THE STORY. IT SHOWS THAT FAMILIES ARE TOGETHER, SAFE WITHIN THE HOME

owners. It was an easy matter for him to pick out the homes of the families who had preferred to stay in this old section of town. These fine old places were well-kept. Although it was early Spring, he could see that, after this rain, some well-tended gardens would show forth.

The telltale signs of rooming houses were numerous as he made his way into the third block: portable tin ice-boxes on window-sills; four and five makeshift mail-boxes on the fronts of some houses; window shades at all angles, partly hiding curtains of every length and color; children with fair skins played with dark-complexioned

"Father Wilson, of all people! Do come in out of the rain. Welcome to our home."

Quickly she rid herself of her apron, and hung up the damp topcoat and hat of her guest.

Crossing the hall toward the living-room, Father Wilson stopped and sniffed the air.

"Could that be home-made bread I smell?" he asked.

"No, Father, not today. It's yeast rolls, almost ready to come out of the oven. And I have just made fresh coffee. After the soaking you've had, they will be just the thing to take the chill off. You will have some, won't you, Father?"

"Well," Father hesitated, "I don't usually drop in for lunch."

"Nonsense," answered Mrs. McGuire, "I always have coffee at this time of day. Please take this chair, Father, and I will bring the tray in here."

Dropping into a comfortable chair, the priest allowed his eyes to wander around the room. He was pleased with what he saw: immaculately curtained windows; a foot stool; pipes in a rack; a huge stone fireplace, flanked with a good selection of books; a picture of a wholesome girl in the uniform of a cadet nurse — this was the older daughter whom he had met with her parents at the reception given for him by his parishioners. Another picture of a youth in "Blues" claimed his attention. He picked up the likeness to study it. "This must be the only son," he thought. "There is real goodness in those eyes. This boy will be a credit to his parents and to his country," mused the priest as he replaced the picture.

MRS. McGuire entered the room with a tray of hot rolls, jelly, and steaming coffee. Placing it on a small table beside her guest, she began to pour the coffee.

"I know that you have a definite reason for stopping in, Father. Tell me about it while you sample my baking."

"I didn't come here to talk, I came to listen," answered the priest, reaching for a roll. "Mrs. McGuire, you have a young lad living here with you named Eddie Bancroft. I know his past history. I know that when he came to you he was a typical juvenile delinquent — the same type that is so numerous in this parish, and about which I am duty bound to do something. I have heard of the change that has taken place in this lad — it is the same kind of change I would like to see take place in about one-third of our youngsters. I have a tremendous responsibility on my hands dealing with these young people, and I thought that, if I could hear from you just how you went about rehabilitating Eddie, it might enable me to help out in cases similar to his."

"Father, you don't know how happy I am to hear you say that. Some of our boys are sadly in need of guidance. What we have done for Eddie could be done in many a home. We are as proud of him as we are of our own son. Ed has grown very dear to us. If I can help you in any way by telling you his story, I am more than willing; but I'm afraid I shall have to go back a few years to give you a complete picture."

"Please do. I am anxious to get all the details," Father urged. "How did Eddie come to be with you?"

"I'LL explain, Father," she said. "I am the mother of five. The eldest, Irene, is nineteen and a student nurse. Then there is my son, Jim, who joined the Merchant Marine. Mary is the youngest and an eighth grade student. John and Eleanor died when only a few days old.

"It's about Jim and his friend Eddie that I wish to tell you. Jim is a fine, big lad — just a little less than six feet tall — with honest blue eyes, and a quick smile. He loves sports. Most of the boys around here look up to him because he is a born leader."

Mrs. McGuire poured some more coffee, and resumed her story:

"Our basement was the headquarters for the gang. There they could turn out woodwork on the jig saw, or practise on the punching bag. Many a trick in the art of self-defense has been taught on the old mattress that served as the 'ring' down there."

"That home-made 'ring' brings back memories of my own youth," interrupted the priest, with a grin.

"Some of the youngsters who frequented our home-made gym were from rich homes in the neighborhood. Some were from homes like ours — where we bring out the best china only on Sundays. The greater number, however, were from broken homes. It was easy to pick out these boys by their conduct, their language, and their appearance. They seemed to have either a superiority complex, or a strong resentment against the world at large."

"Yes, a broken home invariably leaves a mark on a child," put in the anxious priest.

"Jim of course was head-man in the basement. There was a set of rules, and anyone disobeying them was punished by disbarment. These rules, as I remember them, went something like: 'No boy skipping school may hide out here.' 'No stolen article may be brought in.' 'Any boy who beats up any one smaller than himself is out.' 'Every boy must have a part-time job, earning at least his spending money.' 'Any boy who is called down to Juvenile Court must stand trial again before the gang, and receive his sentence.'"

"I like those rules, I like them fine." Father Wilson was enthused.

"For the most part, things went along smoothly enough. I'll admit that at times the noise was terrific. Still it was easier on one's nerves than having to wonder where these lads might be if they were not down there. Occasionally something serious would happen. I recall vividly the afternoon that Jack brought in some gasoline from his father's filling station. He had installed a small engine on the work bench, and needed the gas to make it run. I knew nothing of this until the fire engines came whizzing up the street — our house was on fire! But today Jack is in England, serving as a member of a ground crew.

"To get back to Eddie, of all the boys who frequented our home, Jim seemed to love him more than the rest. It was Eddie who went to the farm with Jim; it was Eddie who was chosen to spend a precious week at the cottage. Ed was the cause of the only injury Jim ever had — a broken hand. He got it fighting for Eddie."

"Good boy!" Father commented. "But tell me about Eddie's background."

"Eddie is one of six children whose mother passed away when he was born. His father is a factory worker here in the city. After the mother's death, the children were boarded out on farms. They also spent some years in an orphan asylum. In due time the two girls married, one of them making a home for her father and four brothers. Her husband is a heavy drinker and the girl's health is poor; consequently everyone in the house is

HEARTH LIGHT

The light that shines upon the hearth
Is more than just a light;
Its glowing warmth means home and peace,
A shelter from the night.

And yet this hearth, this earthly home,
This circle bound with love,
Serves but to faintly symbolize
A better home above.

Florence Jansson

more or less on his own. Eddie is blessed with a keen brain, however, and is full of possibilities; but he was unhappily gifted with an uncanny knack for stealing small articles from stores; and he was always skipping school. At sports, he was a failure. His weak, undernourished body was no match for his willing spirit. Yet, regardless of the differences between Eddie and Jim, they loved each other like brothers."

"One boy's devotion for another can be a powerful influence," Father said emphatically.

"ON the morning that Jim left for New York, he put his arm around me and said, 'Mom, look after Eddie for me. I know a lot of people don't like him, but that's his trouble: he thinks everybody is against him. He's a good kid, Mom, I know he is. Couldn't you feed him and build him up a little? He is almost old enough to enlist, but he'll never pass a physical the way he is now. Make him quit smoking. After I have learned the ropes in the Maritime Service, I'll come back for him; then he is going to join up too. You'll take care of him, Mom, please, for me?' I promised Jim that I would have Eddie ready for him when he returned."

"That was a big order," Fatner said, smiling.

"More than a month passed after Jim left before I realized that I hadn't seen Eddie. I had been so busy feeling sorry for myself that I had forgotten about the boy. Then one Saturday evening after Confession, I walked from the church into the darkness. Busy with my thoughts, I was hardly conscious of the short, thin figure following me. As I came into the glow of the street light, someone touched my arm.

"'Have you heard from Jim, ma'am?'

"It was Eddie. It may have been the bedraggled appearance of the shivering youth looking so earnestly up into my face. It may have been all the hidden loneliness for my son welling up within me; but whatever it was, it made me put my arms around this motherless boy and weep as if my heart were breaking, at the same time upbraiding him for not coming to see me. There were tears in the boy's eyes as he answered me, 'Gee, Mrs. McGuire, I thought that now with Jim away you'd be glad not to have that bunch of kids hanging around; but I'll come over if you want me. Maybe I could do some chores for you — maybe tonight.'

"'Indeed there are some chores for you to do, and right now one of them is taking me home. Eddie, don't you know that we have to have a boy in our house? Of all the boys I know, I think you are the one we need,' I told him seriously. I have never been escorted home more gallantly.

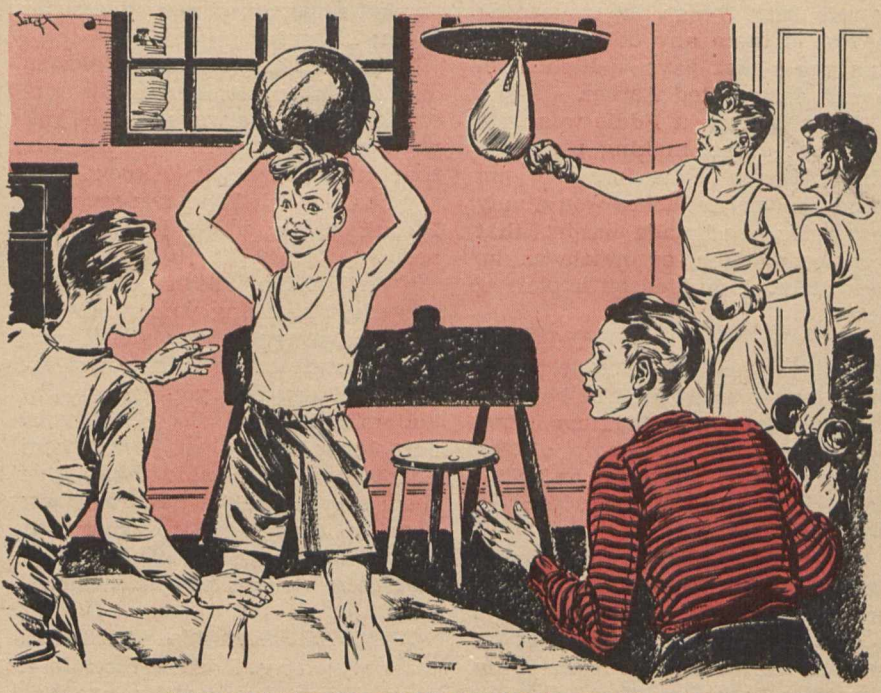
"Once in the kitchen, we had chocolate and cake, and we talked about Jim. Looking closely at my young guest, I realized that there were many ways in which I could fulfill my promise to my son.

"WHEN the chocolate was finished, glancing up at the clock, I hinted that Eddie's Dad might be expecting him home.

He said: 'Naw! My old man never knows what time I get home. Ya see, I made myself a room up in our attic 'cause I can't stand all the fightin' that goes on in my place. So I come in whenever I like, go up the back stairs, and no one knows if I'm in or out.'

"'Well then, Eddie, how would you like to stay with us tonight? You may sleep in Jim's room,' I suggested.

"'Gee, ma'am, that would be



"OUR BASEMENT WAS THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE GANG"

slick. You don't know it, but I've spent many a night with Jim. I'd crawl up on the porch roof and get in through the window.'

" 'No more windows for you, son; from now on you come in through the front door. Now call your father and tell him you are staying here,' I insisted. Reluctantly my protégé obeyed. 'Now, Eddie boy, I'll draw your bath and hunt up a pair of Jim's pajamas for you,' I called back from the stairs.

"Just then Mr. McGuire and Mary came in from church. They were elated at finding a boy in the house again, and welcomed him royally. When I explained that Ed was staying for the night, Mr. McGuire announced that all male guests were his pleasure, and linking arms with the boy, he showed him upstairs.

"Presently from above came familiar splashing sounds, broken by two voices in uncertain key, singing away. The emptiness which had hung over our home for the past month seemed to be gone somehow.

"Suddenly I was conscious of the eyes of our Blessed Mother gazing down at me from her place on the wall. The Mother of all mothers was smiling at me. 'You are watching over my boy,' I prayed; 'help me to watch over this one.'

"That was the beginning, Father. This boy has been a real blessing to us. If more women only knew the joy of being able to see something fine being molded right in their own hands — something that was considered 'bad' and 'unfit' — turn slowly into something good and wholesome; to watch that inferiority complex disappear and self-confidence take its place; to see a gaunt, ill-fed body fill out to one of robust health! Surely no one

can do these things like a mother."

"Nor is there any other work in this world that pays so high a reward," interrupted Father.

"That first night Eddie was with us, I sat alone, making plans for him. After all, the boy was not mine, and my influence would only last as long as I made him feel that we needed him as much as he needed us. I decided on a plan of action.

"On Monday I visited Eddie's father. It was not difficult to explain our interest in the boy nor the place he could fill in our home. I reminded Mr. Bancroft of the empty room in our house, and compared it to the attic in which Ed had been sleeping.

" 'But, Mrs. McGuire, I cannot afford to board the boy out. I cannot pay my bills now,' he argued. I quickly convinced him that financial reimbursement was not my aim. Then I promised that Ed would soon be self-supporting. Wearily the harassed man gave his permission for the boy to live with us. 'But remember,' he warned, 'I've boarded him out before, and he's the one who was always sent back. He gets into a heap of trouble.'

"ON Tuesday I went to see the Probation Officer for our section, and explained the situation to him. I was anxious to know if there were any serious charges against the boy. The officer produced his record. Together we studied it. The record was not a good one, but the officer agreed with me in thinking that a change of environment might work wonders for the boy.

"Returning home, I found Eddie in the basement trying to assemble an old broken bicycle. 'If I could just get my hands on another back wheel, I could fix this thing so that it would run,' he told me. Then as an idea came to him he smiled, 'I think I remember seeing one some place; I'll get it.'

"I couldn't help feeling suspicious and fearful, remembering his record. 'Eddie, Jim always told me you were a wizard at fixing bikes. Is that true?' I wanted to know.

" 'Yes, ma'am; I've never seen one I couldn't fix; but I haven't any parts.'

" 'Well, Eddie, it seems to me that you could be using your talents to some advantage. How would you like to start in business for yourself? I'll advance you twenty-five dollars to buy old discarded bikes. You bring them here, tear them apart, then reassemble them, give them a good coat of paint and put them up for sale.' His answer was just, 'That would be swell!' Then and there Ed started his business.

"SOMETHING in his record still worried me. I decided to take a long chance, because the boy was spending too much time in the house. It isn't natural for a seventeen-year-old never to want to go out. So I called to him one afternoon, and asked if he would come with me to the grocery store to help carry the packages back. Always willing, he was ready in no time. We headed straight for 'George's Market.' I could sense a tenseness in Ed, but I had to get this matter straightened out.

" 'Good afternoon, George,' I greeted the owner as we entered. 'I want you to meet Eddie — ' The grocer hadn't heard me — he was staring angrily at my companion. Coming quickly from behind the counter, he seized Eddie by the neck and arm, and attempted to evict him from the store, shouting all the while that this boy was a thief and should be turned over to the police. Because of their scuffling, I reached the door before them. When

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Our Greatest Jewels

How children develop and mature depends on all society, but particularly on parents

Ann Huber

CHILDREN have been called everything, including blessings, nuisances, and jewels. While they are growing up, they are sometimes good, sometimes bad, sometimes happy, sometimes sad, but always a problem to be understood and solved.

The father has been called the head of the family; the mother, the heart. As a bond of common interest, the child brings parents close together in the miracle of creation and unity of purpose: to raise the child with every proper spiritual and physical advantage. Parents experience the delightful realization that their lives are not wasted; that their child is a reflection of themselves, and his successes a mirror of glory for them. They are happy knowing that life, for them, will never be "all over," that they will keep in close contact with the changing world through the progress of their children. There is the comfort, too, that when old age besets them, they can depend on the affectionate love of their children.

The home without children is like the ring without the diamond. It is a ring, but it is not complete, and its value is inestimably less. Some selfish couples think of chil dren as: "drains on the pocketbook;" "poor risks;" "too much responsibility;" "too demanding;" "too exhausting." A drain on the pocketbook? Yes, but so are the unnecessary luxuries to which we have accustomed ourselves, and which we must sacrifice if we are to have children. Poor risks? Not if we invest time, effort, and love without measure. Demanding? Definitely. But they have a right to expect much from us. To those who maintain that children "age" a person, we would say "perhaps." What little they may exhaust from appearances is replaced immeasurably by the beauty of selflessness. Is there anything more humanly beautiful than a mother's face that is illumined from within by grace? And it must be admitted that children are often the means of keeping people from growing cranky and "drying up inside." Nobody can stop the forces of nature. We must advance in years, but we do not have to lose spirit.

Parents assume a big responsibility by bringing a child into the world. From the start they know that children must not have anything that will endanger their lives, and that they must be given every care and consideration if they are to survive and grow healthy. If they are in fortunate circumstances, they must wisely refrain from "spoiling" the child, as a child who has too much attention and material advantages does not have to tax his ingenuity and soon becomes fretful and more dissatisfied than if he had too little.

In raising a child, spiritual growth is an all-important consideration. As soon as the child can talk he should learn to say simple prayers, and gradually be taught

the principal dogmas of Faith in a simple manner. Character must be developed at a very early age, and good example is hereafter very important. It is amazing how quickly a small child will learn what he may and may not do, and as soon as he can understand, he should be told "why," whenever possible. It is easy to win a child's confidence by giving some answer to the questions which crowd his eager, knowledge-hungry mind. An answer should always be true, but only as complete as the child will understand.

Some parents of unruly children adopt the "iron hand" method. If this method does produce favorable results, usually they are only superficial. The child who is "held in" too much will become the worst sort of problem: a sneak. He will resort to many schemes to gain his own way, sometimes believing that he is justified in doing so. His parents will not be able to trust him because he does not trust them, and a lifetime of misunderstandings may result.

Often the difficulty lies in the contradiction built up in the child's mind. If the bragging father relates colorful tales about the mischievous pranks he and the "boys" pulled in the old days, how can he be indignant when his son tries them on a smaller scale? A mother who boasts of her popularity and rounds of parties in days gone by, can hardly berate her daughter for "running around" too much.

Until children, through constant guidance, have gained confidence in their own ability to handle life's problems, big and small, they need the assurance of sound, logical advice administered in small doses. And when the child in the latter teens shows mature judgment, he should be allowed to make some decisions for himself. He will still come to you for advice, and usually follow it. We would have less disrupted families, "runaway" marriages, and wasted lives if every family could develop that enviable understanding between parents and children.

This is a new era for children, as well as adults. Our American children are the luckiest children in the world, and we have the right to expect more of them than any other children in the world. We spend most of our lives on our children, and we naturally expect a just reward. However, too many parents make unjust demands on their children in return for years of sacrifices and worry. Our reward should be our children's happiness and strength of body and soul. Their lives belong to their children, not to us. To demand too much of them means we are taking a step backward, depriving the future of whatever we may have contributed.

After all is said and done, we have accomplished our life's work if we have accepted our children from God, who condescended to trust us with them, and if, in living for them, we have ourselves come to depend solely on Him, the Father of all.

The priest's vocation! O Jesus, with what love would I hold You in my hands when my voice had made You come down from Heaven! With what love would I give You to souls!

ST. TERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS.

His Gethsemane

A DYING MAN NEEDS MORE STRENGTH AND CONSOLATION THAN HIS OWN THOUGHTS CAN GIVE HIM

LIEUTENANT James Carney gazed upward at the ceiling of his plane. His fevered brain registered nothing; and slowly he drifted back again into unconsciousness, shutting out a world of pain and horror in which he had lived since "Jerry's" flak had knocked out the engine of his plane, three days ago, catapulting it to earth near an oak grove, not far from a little French village. He lay unconscious on the floor of the plane. Nature mercifully blotted out the agonizing sensation of disaster.

Again he became dimly conscious of the quivering throes convulsing his body. He began to piece together, bit by bit, the details of events that had occurred since that fateful night he took off for the enemy target. The mission was successful. Billowing clouds of smoke, thick and black, rising as though from giant volcanos, erupting their colorful streams of fire and flame, were the irrefutable proof of that. The giant bombers, after dropping their load, wheeled gracefully; then, zooming beyond the reach of the enemy's anti-aircraft, they streaked for the Channel. His own position, as rear guard, was none too safe, but he would be out of danger soon with the rest of the crew. Then for that long-anticipated furlough!

But Jerry's flak got him. Blood spurted from a wound in his leg. The plane wobbled beneath his clutch; but, when Tom and Fred dropped out of formation to help him, he waved them on with a grin. He wanted to boast, especially to Mom and Dad, how he'd come in on a wing and a prayer. How proud they'd be of him!

He would see them next week at their golden wedding celebration. Too bad Bob had to miss it; they'd be disappointed about his absence; but that was war, taking its toll

By ANNE M. JOYCE

ILLUSTRATED BY
R. F. SCHABELITZ

of sacrifices — great and small. Vaguely, he wondered about his brother, somewhere in Uncle Sam's Army on the continent.

Suddenly his eyes flew open, and he struggled to sit upright. He couldn't move. "My back," he reasoned, "must have been broken in the crash." How long had he been here? He couldn't tell. Hours — days perhaps! And missed the transport back to the States? Oh, no, not that! They were expecting him — he couldn't disappoint them — not Mom —— Her heart — the shock would kill her! Dad could take it — but Mom!

Oh, why had he been such a fool? Why hadn't he let the boys help?

"Because," he stormed inwardly, "you — Mr. Know-it-all, you wanted a hero's medal! No share-the-glory

for you. Oh, no, not *you,* big boy!"

He sighed, regretfully, as he recalled Brother Hanley's words:

"Some day, lad, that pride of yours will hurt some one you love."

Remorse, rebellion, defiance, raced like wild chargers through his tortured mind. One moment he was docile, ready to accept all the punishment in the world, as his just deserts; the next, angry and self-pitying, demanding his just rights.

"I don't deserve this," he sobbed over and over, "at least Mom doesn't. It will kill her when she gets the message, saying: 'Sorry to inform you that your son is missing in action!' Let me out of here! I can't die like a trapped rat! I won't! I won't!"

If only he had kept his promise to develop a spirit of better team work, this wouldn't have happened. Well he remembered the day he made it at pre-flight school. The instructor, Captain Jeffries, remembered it, too, Carney was making his first solo — the captain sweating it out — while he recklessly raced around the traffic pattern, showing off to the under-classmen. However, he landed safely and taxied back to the stage house, grinning as he passed the instructor:

"Boy, can I fly that crate!"

Jeffries grinned too, but not before his anger died; he erased the grin from the young flyer's face and turned his ears into a rosy bloom by his scathing denunciation of the "material sent to flying-schools today."

Carney's buoyant nature never re-



"THIS ABOVE ALL TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE . . ."

mained long submerged, and soon he was as gay as ever. Nothing could quite squelch his cockiness and school-boy vanity. But nobody ever held anything against him for long; his abundant good nature and fair dealings with others won instructors and students alike.

His aplomb and desire for applause often led to recklessness. Even at flying school the temptation to attract attention was great. And warnings could not break him of the habit. One day when routine flying settled into unwelcome endurance, he streaked out of formation, carrying a line of planes with him; and only high-powered maneuvering avoided a smash-up with the instructor's plane. In compunction, his vivacity took a dive into the pool of dejection. Sincerely and willingly he accepted the punishment of being grounded; although it broke his heart.

IT was then that he resolved to do something about correcting his predominant fault. At college the Fathers had tried to destroy vanity in his make-up. And Mom and Dad, in their heart-to-heart chats, endeavored to show him the necessity of self-conquest. They couldn't make him see it. Nor medical school, emphasizing emotional control; nor pre-flight school, stressing team work; no, not even the Army in action. Well, he had learned his lesson at last. When he got back to base, he'd —— What if he didn't get back? If no one found him!

"Oh, no, no, not that, my God!"

Worn out by the mental struggle, Lieutenant Carney fell into a deep sleep.

He was a fair youth of twenty-odd years, six feet tall. His square-set jaw and the erect position of his head, even in pain, indicated a proud, self-willed nature. Across a broad, high brow, his gold-tinted hair lay, damp and matted. The agony of thirst made his lips cracked and swollen, telling of the hours he lay in that fierce July sun, beating down on the plane just beyond the protecting shade of the grove.

In the still air the sound of droning planes grew louder as they came toward the plane. In his sleep he stirred uneasily, muttering, as the old familiar sound penetrated to his inner consciousness. His muscles tensed; his eyes widened in expectancy — hope and fear fighting for ascendancy. Good old Tom and Fred coming back? The enemy? Which? The droning was now directly overhead. He held his breath. Then a shower of mortar hailed down.

"The Nazis strafing!"

ANGER surged turbulently through his soul. He tried to moisten his lips. But before he could call down the wrath of Heaven on his foe, another barrage shattered the plane, smashing the fingers of his left hand. He grasped it tightly, murmuring the ejaculation which came so readily to his lips during these danger-swept days of target flying:

"My Jesus, mercy!"

When the first effects of the shock passed, he held up his hand and examined his fingers intently. The knuckles were badly smashed; the flesh, torn and bleeding. Soon the blood began to clot, and he gritted his teeth and picked out the shrapnel from the gaping wound. As he worked, he pondered whether this would mean the end of medical training for him. "Still," he reflected, "old Doc Nelson — his three fingers gone — never loses a surgical case."

Would they let him finish his last two years? They must! His lips

formed in a determined line as he flexed his good knee and laid the broken fingers gently in the palm of his right hand; then, straightening them, carefully, he placed them forcibly against his bent knee. Next, he reached for his first-aid kit, and began treatment on his first casualty.

Finally, the laborious task — applying sulfa powder, splints, bandages — was finished; and the Lieutenant complimented himself, in the measured tones of Dr. Meadows, his white-haired instructor in medical school, "Good work, Dr. Carney."

LOST MARINER

Murmur
One song, sea shell,
Of days I miss heartsore;
Low sound, wave-length sanctus bell —
God's troubadour.

Sr. Frances Teresa, S.S.J.

The exertion taxed his energy and increased his burning thirst. He cast a gloomy look in the direction of the water canteen, lying temptingly near, yet too far for his futile attempts to reach. His tongue, thick and immobile, pained with the equal intensity that seared his parched mouth and throat. Now, he knew what Dives meant by a finger-tip of water — what the Ancient Mariner experienced, with "not a drop to drink." The thought of food was repulsive; but the thought of the corner drug-store fountain brought bitter, salty tears to his eyes; brimming over, they crept down his mud-caked face in meandering little rivulets, biting into his sensitive skin and bleeding lips.

A gamut of emotions exhausted his fevered brain. He sank back, closing his eyes. His mother's sweet face floated before him — then seas of other faces — receding, returning; smiling, frowning, grinning, leering — ugly monstrosities, which he tried to push from him. Valiantly, he fought back the black despair that sought to engulf him.

Then, as the envisioned sufferings of our Lord on the Cross calmed his troubled spirit, the black cloud broke. He thought of himself, resembling his Saviour, unable to move — tortured by pain and thirst. He knew how he could make it all count in spiritual gains. He would offer as a sacrifice all he suffered. Then a new thought struck him — with God's help he'd enlarge the hole in the side of the plane. He could easily reach the hole at his left, and with the file from his tool kit he worked long and earnestly, trying to enlarge it. He refused to allow himself to think how long it would take, or whether he would be able to move. Like a prisoner, sawing the bars of his cage, he worked with desperation, until his arm dropped from exhaustion, and he fell into a state of blessed unconsciousness. When he awoke, prompted by the instinct of self-preservation, he began again the seemingly insurmountable task of freeing himself from his prison.

At length he realized the futility of further effort. He'd probably die before he could make the hole half large enough. Then he hit upon another plan. Tearing the sleeve from his shirt, he fastened it to a stick, making an S.O.S. flag, which he slipped through the opening and waved frantically, praying somebody would come before it was too late to save his life.

Inside, the plane was a boiling

caldron. When he wasn't unconscious, or prostrate by the heat, he forced himself to take mental and physical exercises. As the morning sun, glinting and glistening through the window, awakened him to a new day, he thanked God for life, and prayed for courage and strength to live through the day.

In his morale-bracing game, he was the tough sergeant, shouting crisp orders and scathing rebukes to a bunch of buck privates. Tears and smiles mingled as he issued commands, in a shaky voice, through bleeding lips:

"One, two, three, four — Hey, you weakling, keep up! This is the Army. Remember?"

But he couldn't keep that up for long. His thoughts reached homeward — to all those little joys, until now unappreciated, taken for granted. He thought of Bob, and prayed that his fate would not parallel his own. Would they ever meet again in this world? He thought of the old gang with their easy care-free ways. July — would they be enjoying vacation as usual, forgetting all about what he and the boys were doing for freedom? No, he wouldn't be mean and small — the old crowd were doing their bit. Mom had told him about most of them.

DELIBERATELY, he turned his thoughts to school days when he studied Shakespeare, and had been obliged to memorize the lines:

A stage where every man must
play a part,
And mine a sad one.
And
This above all, to thine own self
be true;
And it must follow, as the night
the day,
Thou canst not then be false to
any man.

But there was very little strength and consolation to be derived from such recollections. Only one thing counted now — to make the best preparation possible for appearing before his Creator. He knew what to do — the chaplain had told him. An act of perfect contrition — resigned to die — God's will. He tried to compose himself to meet the inevitable, but the will to live was too strong to relinquish life without a struggle. "Oh, Mom!" he cried for the hundredth time, grasping the distress signal and moving it feebly.

* * *

OUT on the highway, two men from the 76th Infantry Division were walking along cautiously, alert against enemy sniping, and at the same time on the look-out for any American casualties of the raid from which they had recently dived for cover. One man was a chaplain, carrying the Blessed Sacrament to a dying soldier at a base hospital about a mile away. His companion was a private — Bob Carney. He knew that his brother, the Lieutenant flyer, was missing in action. The two, now, were speaking in subdued tones.

"Father," said the young man, "what if they don't find him! This is the fifth day. It'll kill Mom, if —— "

"When's the celebration, Bob?" cut in the priest, to distract the other from brooding.

"Next week."

Before the priest could reply, Bob grabbed his arm, exclaiming, as he pointed to the fallen plane:

"Father, something's moving in that plane!"

"Let's have a look," replied the priest, darting off the highway.

"Better be careful, Father — might be a trick!"

"We'll have to take that chance, Bob," the priest flung back over

his shoulder as he sprinted for the plane. Bob was close at his heels. They reached the plane, and peered in cautiously. The frightened eyes of Lieutenant Carney looked up into those of his brother!

"Jim!" gulped the private, too astonished to say more. He smiled at the priest; but, when he looked down again, his brother was unconscious.



"JIM," GULPED THE PRIVATE, TOO ASTONISHED TO SAY MORE

"Take it easy, Bob," the priest said, putting his arm around the boy's shoulders. "Your brother isn't dead. You run back for the medical corps men, and I'll stay with him."

The private raced back for help. The chaplain climbed into the plane. At first, his head swam in dizzying sickness — the foul odor was almost unbearable — but the priest groped his way to the fallen man. He bathed his face with water from his canteen, and soon the Lieutenant opened his eyes. The priest held the canteen to his lips. He looked up gratefully, but pushed it back.

"Father," he whispered, "this has been my Gethsemane. God sent you — to me. Father, couldn't — you — bring — me — Holy Communion?"

The priest's eyes misted as he answered that he was carrying the Blessed Sacrament with him. He marveled at the ways of God, and at the faith of the youth. And the Angels looked down on the sacred moments that followed.

The Lights of the Missions Must Not Go Out!

Needed immediately in great quantities: prayers, Missionaries, and supplies

Robert F. Drinan, S.J.

AFTER the last World War, Pope Benedict XV wrote a letter to the Hierarchy of the world and encouraged them to spread the Faith with all their resources by helping the Missions. In this letter the Pope mentioned the Apostleship of Prayer and the duties of its members to aid in the Mission crisis. As we reread the Pope's words written in 1919, it becomes clear to us that the message which he conveyed in that time of stress applies a thousand times more in the present dark hour for the Missions throughout the world.

Benedict XV urged three specific means of aiding the laborers in Christ's cause all over the globe. The three means were: prayer by all the Faithful, an increase in the number of Missionaries, and "abundant resources" from Catholics in all parts of the world.

In speaking of the necessity of prayer for the Missionaries, the Pope wrote: "All the Faithful should assist by their holy prayers those who are laboring in the vineyard of the Lord to spread the Gospel. Since the Apostleship of Prayer, as it is called, has been especially instituted to fulfil this duty, We here strongly recommend it to all good people, desiring that no one refrain from participation in it, but that all wish to be sharers in apostolic labor, in spirit if not in deed."

In these words the Supreme Pontiff exhorted all the members of the Apostleship to intensify their prayers for the Missions, and to increase their contributions for the material advance of the outposts of Christendom. Beyond this, he expressed a desire that all the Faithful should become members of the Apostleship, and thereby assist the growth of the Missions.

He gives this reason for the grave concern he felt at that time for the Missions: "The needs of the Missions have greatly increased since the war by the loss of so many schools, hospitals, hostels, and other places of refuge."

It is even more true today that the Missionaries of the world see the ruins of long years of labor, and find themselves handicapped because of want of materials. They cannot even begin to reconstruct their churches and schools.

The obligation to keep alight the flame of Christianity in distant lands falls very much on the shoulders of the six million members of the Apostleship of Prayer in America. For many years these millions have remembered the toiling representatives of our Lord in the far countries of the world. A Mission Intention has been suggested to them every month. It is indeed impossible to say how many graces have come down from Heaven

through the hands of Mary to all the pagans of the world because of the Morning Offerings, and prayers, and Communions of Reparation offered by the Associates of the Apostleship.

In this hour when America is called to offer aid to the wounded, war-torn, weary world, masses and prayers must be supplemented by the "abundant resources" for which Benedict XV asked in these words: "We wish Catholics *liberally* to assist those holy works organized for the support of the Missions." To support his appeal, he quotes that challenging question in the First Epistle of St. John: "He who has the goods of this world and sees his brother in need and closes his heart to him, how does the love of God abide in him?"

ALTHOUGH the Missions received much aid after World War I from Catholics in all countries, yet it was not enough to supply all their needs. In 1926, Pope Pius XI again urged all the Faithful to contribute and ordered the bishops and priests of the world not to be ashamed "to make yourselves beggars for Christ and for the salvation of souls, and by your pen and the eloquence which flows from your heart, *insist* that your people, by their interest and generosity, multiply and render more abundant the harvest that the work of the Propagation of the Faith is gathering in every year."

Our present Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, said in a message to Archbishop Spellman:

"The American people have a genius for splendid and unselfish action and into the hands of America God has placed the destinies of afflicted humanity. May the noble flame of brotherly love be kindled in your hearts.

"Let it not die quenched by an unworthy, timid caution in the face of the needs of your brethren, let it be not overcome by the dust and dirt of the whirlwind of anti-Christian and non-Christian spirit. Keep alive this flame, increase it, carry it wherever there be a groan of suffering, a lament of misery, a cry of pain, and nourish it evermore with the heat of a love drawn from the heart of the Redeemer.

"Armed with the arms of spirit and heart, the merciful weapons of peace: wisdom, justice, and charity, we must stand united against the wanton weapons of war: tyranny, hatred, and greed.

"Then the griefs of the world's bereaved and the graves of their martyred dead will be sealed with the tranquillity and the glory of God's peace."

No one need be informed today as to the havoc which has been wrought in the Mission lands. Added to the actual wreckage is the depressing fact that many of Europe's Missionaries will never return to their posts. A larger share in the task of bringing the Light of the world to all men rests on American Catholics!

THE past record of the Faithful in this country and the constancy of the members of the Apostleship gives assurance that the assistance going to the Missions will not be "too little and too late." But we should all be aware of the great need that exists, and try to carry out the wish of Pope Benedict that *all* should be members of the Apostolate. If this ideal is realized, the benefits that would accrue to the Missions would be vast, abundant, and immediate.

It is the work then of the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer at the present time to inform their fellow Catholics of the intense need of almost every Missionary in

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STELLA MARIA

(A True Story)

Our Lord goes everywhere, seeking souls and winning them, in order to give them Heavenly gifts

Francis K. Drolet, S.J.

ESTELLE was the name of the twenty-six-year-old tubercular patient at the large State Hospital. But when the waters of Baptism were poured over her head on this early winter morning, she received the name of "Stella Maria," in honor of Mary, Star of the Sea. It was not a great distance from "Estelle" to "Stella" as far as the name went, but the chasm which she crossed that morning, held by the hand of Mary, Star of the Sea, was as deep as the sea itself. And it all came about so wondrously —

Jesuit priests and seminarians have attended this large hospital for many years, and every so often there is a case of a sudden whirlwind of grace which seems to fill the hospital corridors in the train of the Blessed Sacrament as It is carried to the sick patients. Such was the case of Estelle.

This had been a happy morning for me. I had assisted the priest giving First Holy Communion to one of my fifteen-year-old converts who had just been admitted into the Church. It was uplifting to the heart to see the joy manifested on her countenance as she received our Lord for the first time. And when we finished the Communion calls, I went to her room to congratulate her and give her a small crucifix as a present.

Our morning's work was completed, and I hastened through the wards to the hospital entrance. As I hurried, I passed the room where Estelle was. I was not too familiar with this section of the hospital, and did not know this young woman at all, for she had been admitted only recently into the hospital. As I hastened by, I heard:

"Father — Father — "

I turned to the room, and looked within to see the unfamilar face of a young Negro woman. Early morning lighted the room but dimly; yet could I see the hand of death resting on her brow, while her heavy breathing and coughing told the sad tale of wasted lungs.

"Did you call me?" I asked.

"Yes, Father," came the reply with great effort. "Father will you bless me, please? You see I am not a Catholic; but I know you can pray for me and can help me."

"Surely," I replied; and she lowered her eyes and folded her hands.

"Our Father, who art in heaven — " I prayed; and " — Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death — "

"Father, I'm worried. It's so hard for me," she started after we had prayed a while. "That is why I called you."

"You must not be afraid," I replied, taking out my crucifix. "Look on our Lord here on the cross. You believe He is God, who came and died for us sinners, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Father. I believe," came

the simple act of faith from the depths of her soul.

"Now look on Jesus again on the cross. He suffered all these pains because of us sinners. Just tell Him simply that you are sorry you have ever offended Him, and that you desire to be forever with Him in Heaven."

"Jesus," she began, with that beautiful intonation of the Sacred Name which can only come from the reverent lips of a Negro, "I am sorry for having offended You. Forgive me, Lord Jesus."

I WAS greatly relieved to see her make these acts of faith and contrition so sincerely. Perhaps she would be ready to go further.

"Have you ever been baptized?" I asked her.

"No, Father. But I have felt the hand of the Lord upon me. I believe in Him. Look, Father, there's my Bible. I often read about Him."

"Have you ever belonged to any particular church?"

"No, Father. I went to different ones. But I do love the Lord."

"Yes, I am sure you do," I replied. "But you know our Lord wants me to help you even more now, so that you will not worry any more, and peace may fill your heart."

"I believe you, Father. I've been here only a few days now. And I have seen you passing by and doing good to everyone. That is why I called you to bless me." When she had finished these words, there was a long coughing spell which shook her weakened frame.

I waited until she had quieted down again, and with a prayer to the Sacred Heart, I began:

"Estelle, there is a far greater blessing which I would like you to receive, and which you do not have as yet."

"What's that, Father?" Her dark eyes gleaming, and wonder coming over her in spite of her heavy breathing.

"It's one which our Lord wants every person in the world to receive. It is Baptism. Now you must realize, Estelle, that you are very ill, and must prepare yourself to go home to your Heavenly Father."

"I realize that, Father; and I know your blessing will help me."

"Well, to prepare yourself the way our Lord wants, you must be baptized. For He said that no one can enter the Kingdom of Heaven unless he is baptized. So the blessing I want you most to receive is Baptism."

There was a pause, broken only by her strange breathing and the early morning hospital sounds. It seemed to me that this pause stretched into hours. Within my secret soul I prayed: "Lord, give her this grace — Sacred Heart of Jesus, remember Thy promises to dying souls —"

Then it came:

"Father," she whispered, "I want to be baptized."

FOR me a swift prayer of gratitude went Heavenwards, and I thought of the overflowing love of the Sacred Heart for His straying sheep.

"Suppose we prepare you for this now?" I asked with a glad heart.

At this, a shadow of worry crept over the features of the dying woman. Something strange was happening within her mind, something which I could not fathom, something which I did not anticipate.

"What is the difficulty, Estelle?" I asked quietly.

"Father, I don't think I can be baptized just now. You see, I am very ill, and I couldn't possibly be taken down to the river for Baptism now."

I certainly was relieved, though greatly surprised. Into my mind

leaped the strange image of this dying woman being placed in the icy waters of the winding stream at the base of the hill not far from the hospital. I quickly explained that this wasn't necessary, and that she could be baptized right there in bed. She smiled with the happiest of smiles, and I knew that all was ready. Leaving her for the moment, I summoned the senior chaplain. While he prepared, I arranged the sick-call set near her bed, and lighted the blessed candles, rejoicing at their flames sparkling in her eyes. It was like a light of faith suddenly born in them.

"Estelle, would you like to be called *Stella Maria* after Mary, the Mother of God? She is the 'Star of the Sea,' guiding so many souls to Christ on the sea of life. And this name of hers is like *Estelle.*"

"*Stella Maria,* Father? That is a pretty name. *Stella Maria* — Yes, Father, I would like that."

"And this nurse," the priest said, turning to the Catholic nurse whom I had summoned, "will be your Godmother, your friend and sponsor in your first steps in the Catholic Faith, and during your life."

SHE turned to the white-clad nurse, and smiled a grateful reply.

Soon the waters of Life were flowing over her forehead, the while she prayed quietly to herself. It was a moving scene — so old, and yet, to the soul receiving it, so eternally new. This dying patient was "being born again of water and the Spirit" that she might "enter the Kingdom of God." And trickling over her fevered brow, this "living water" poured into her soul with the fullness of Christ's life, "becoming in her a fountain of water, springing up unto life everlasting."

Estelle lay back a bit tired on her pillow. The struggle of a new life, the true victory over death, had been won. Fear fled from her eyes when the light of faith was enkindled in her soul. Now she could cross the valley of death courageously; no longer would her steps falter in the darkness.

Suddenly an inspiration came to me. We had saved two Hosts in order to give Holy Communion to an aged couple living back in the hills. Surely we could divide one between them, and give Estelle Viaticum — our Lord in Holy Communion — for her journey home to God. Quickly Father went for the Blessed Sacrament, while I told Estelle the truth of Christ's great love for us in the Eucharist.

HER eyes fell on the crucifix again, as she heard the story of the Body of Christ, the Living Bread which came down from Heaven.

"Estelle, when Father returns with Communion, just keep saying: 'Jesus, I love you; Jesus, I believe in you; Jesus, I love you.'"

No convert of a few minutes could be more devout than this young Negro woman, when she welcomed Jesus into her heart. She looked in wonder at the priest with the golden vessel and its sacred contents. With reverent attention she listened to the words spoken to the wayfaring soul about to cross the valley of death, led by Christ, the Light of the world:

Receive, sister, the Viaticum of the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ; may He preserve thee from the wicked enemy, and bring thee unto life everlasting. Amen.

On her outstretched tongue was placed the precious Body of the Son of God. Reverently she closed her eyes, and prayed over and over again in a low voice: "Jesus, I love you — Jesus, I love you — " In spite of a heavy coughing spell which then came over her, still she re-

[Continued on page 76]

The Heart of the King

An ideal king has been described in different terms by poets and philosophers, and by the four Evangelists

Matthew J. Ashe, S.J.

SEVERAL centuries before the time of Christ, there lived in ancient Greece a famous thinker, Plato by name. Outstanding among the written works of this Athenian is the book known to the world as Plato's "Republic." Here there is depicted an ideal: a man, a philosopher-king, perfectly self-possessed, calm, dignified, wise, practical. Such a man is fitted by nature and discipline to govern others. The great drawback is that the model ruler set before us is merely a poet's dream, a philosopher's abstract conception. And Plato saw so much of the impractical in his whole scheme of the State that he revised it considerably, out of consideration for what men really are.

Quite differently, Ignatius Loyola, in his "Spiritual Exercises," composed in the sixteenth century, presents us with the picture of an actual King, who gloriously reigns over the hearts and minds of millions. Christ the King, whom St. Ignatius describes, offers everyone the opportunity for a great adventure. Far from being just a daydream, the program of our Captain calls for immediate and wholehearted service. To make such service all the more appealing, we are reminded that we are asked to do nothing which Christ Himself has not already done to a supreme degree.

We know for a fact that the motive which prompted His keen desire to suffer and die for us was the infinite love of all men in the Heart of the Redeemer. So it is that loyal followers of the King are inspired to a life of continuous effort and sacrifice as a return of love for love. This kingdom is not a visionary project devised by sheer thinking, as was Plato's Republic, but rather a wondrous enterprise. With unselfish motivation so high and the final goal of everlasting bliss so unexcelled, it is understandable that very many have surrendered career, fortune, and even life itself for such a noble cause. From the time of the martyrdom of St. Stephen at the dawn of the Christian era till that of Father Pro, who died in our own day with the words "Long live Christ the King" on his lips, the names of those likewise heroic unto death would fill volumes.

Indeed, the New Testament, the written record of the foundation of the Kingdom, is not so much a leisurely literary production as the minutes of vigorous Apostolic activity on the part of disciples who were ready to lay down their lives for Him of whom they wrote. The Epistles of St. Paul, for instance, indicate strenuous and far-flung work set to writing in what we may call a heat of composition. Of Divine inspiration, the Gospels and Epistles represent the early preaching of the word of God inscribed on ancient documents and transmitted as the partial tradition of a living



BEHOLD YOUR KING

Church that will teach with authority till the end of time.

Clearly enough, every manifestation of such unrivaled energy is intimately bound up with the love for men in the Heart of the King. How closely the Sacred Heart is linked with the Kingdom is shown from the symbolism used in the adoration of Christ the King. Officially approved statues and pictures of the King manifest the Heart of Christ encircled with thorns, surrounded with flames, and surmounted by a cross, after the manner in which our Saviour showed His Heart to St. Margaret Mary. Moreover, when Pope Pius XI established the Feast of Christ the King, to be celebrated on the last Sunday of October each year, he directed also that the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart should be recited on that day at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Before the war, plans were made for the erection in 1942 of a colossal figure of Christ the King at Santo Domingo, to commemorate the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus. This huge statue was intended to overlook the harbor of the capital city of the same name, by way of increasing the homage of mankind for its King, and also as a sign of invitation to humanity everywhere on the face of the earth — the Old World as well as the New World continents — to become united under His standard. The project, unfortunately forestalled by the war, was to provide an image even more gigantic than the twenty-seven-foot sandstone figure of *Christo Rey* which touches the States of Texas, New Mexico, and Chihuahua, and so serves the double duty of international boundary between the United

States and Mexico, and symbol of our good-will toward Latin America.

The actual appeal of the Kingdom, however, does not consist in rapturous contemplation of finely chiseled monuments of grand proportions. These, striking ornaments and magnificent achievements of artistic genius as they are, for all that, only represent in lifeless stone the real, truly living King whose Heart, as the Preface for the Mass of the Sacred Heart expresses it, was "pierced by the soldier's lance as He hung on the Cross, so that from His open Heart, as from a treasury of Divine bounty, He might pour out on us torrents of mercy and grace, and in that Heart, always burning with love of us, the devout might find rest, and the penitent a saving refuge."

It will be only by devotion to Christ the King that men everywhere will bring themselves to live peaceably together; it is only thus that they will be able to enjoy peace in the sanctuaries of their own souls. Thus will they prepare the way for that happiness which knows no ending in the Kingdom of Christ in Heaven. Modern Platos may dream other visions of a paradise on earth in which there should be no slightest confusion or distress. The Heart of the Kingdom stirs men to loving imitation of the King. In such service do they find consolation here below and await a blessed eternity in the Kingdom of Heaven.

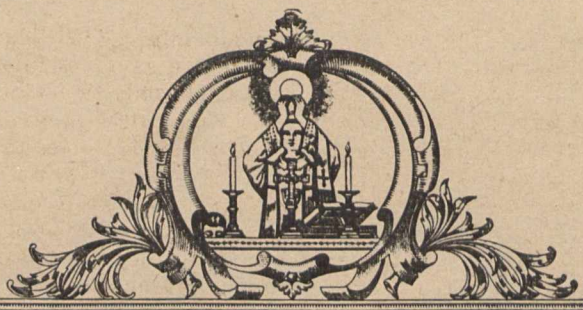


Seat of Wisdom, Pray for Us

A young Chinese boy was listening to a Protestant missionary quote Chinese custom as an illustration of the reasonableness of her argument: "On their wedding day, a Chinese bride and groom are carried in a gorgeous chair, covered with flowered silk. After this ceremony, the chair is relegated to the attic. So, too, with the Virgin Mary. She was no more than a splendid chair for the Heavenly Bridegroom, and after Christ's birth lost her glory. We Protestants, therefore, set Mary aside and do not wrongfully venerate her as the Catholics do."

The boy asked to be allowed to reply, and he spoke as follows: "Honorable lady, you have spoken most truly of our ancient custom. But I cannot possibly believe that where you come from, you seriously consider it right to treat your mother like a bridal chair. We in China would never dream of pushing our mother aside like a chair after she has given us life. And we Chinese Catholics love and honor Mary for what she is in reality, God's Mother, our Mother, and Heaven's Queen."

AGNES MCENERY, in the *Southern Messenger*



Calendar of the Month

April, 1946

DAYS	FEASTS AND PATRONS	PRACTICES	PETITIONS
			Over:
1 M.	St. Hugh of Grenoble, Bp. C.	Hatred of sin	166,700 for thanksgivings
2 T.	St. Francis of Paula, C.	Fasting	207,100 for the afflicted
3 W.	St. Richard of Chichester, Bp. C.	Zeal	225,900 for the sick, infirm
4 Th.	St. Isidore, Bp. D. **H.H.**	Perseverance	259,200 for dead Associates
5 F.	**First Friday.**—St. Vincent Ferrer, C. **Pr. 1st D.**	Thought of Judgment	24,100 for Local Centres
6 S.	Blessed Juliana of Cornillon, V.—St. Sixtus, P. M.	Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament	42,500 for Directors
7 S.	**Passion Sunday.**—Blessed Herman Joseph, C.	Innocence	55,100 for Promoters
8 M.	St. Perpetuus, Bp. C.	Respect for holy relics	465,900 for the departed
9 T.	St. Mary of Cleophas.	Penance	472,300 for perseverance
10 W.	St. Macarius, Bp. C.	Humility	1,699,200 for the young
11 Th.	St. Leo the Great, P. D. **H.H.**	Zeal for souls	173,600 for First Communions
12 F.	The Seven Dolors of B. V. M.—St. Victor, M.	Happiness in suffering	248,700 for parents
13 S.	St. Hermenegild, M.	Cheerfulness	221,400 for families
14 S.	**Palm Sunday.**	Trust in God	56,500 for reconciliations
15 M.	St. Peter Gonzales, C.	Prayer for others	220,100 for work, means
16 T.	St. Benedict Joseph Labre, C.	Poverty of spirit	120,900 for the clergy
17 W.	St. Anicetus, P. M.	Vigilance	243,800 for Religious
18 Th.	**Holy Thursday.** **H.H.**	Paschal Communion	345,100 for seminarists, novices
19 F.	**Good Friday.**	Sorrow	131,700 for vocations
20 S.	**Holy Saturday.**	Silence	34,600 for parishes
21 S.	**Easter Sunday.** **A.I. C.R.**	Spiritual joy	58,500 for schools
22 M.	Easter Monday.	Good example	54,200 for superiors
23 T.	Easter Tuesday.	Combating evil	71,800 for missions, Retreats
24 W.	St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, M.	Spread of the Faith	24,300 for societies, works
25 Th.	Rogation. **H.H.**	Prudence	259,400 for conversions
26 F.	SS. Cletus and Marcellinus, PP. MM.	Firm faith	448,600 for sinners
27 S.	St. Peter Canisius, S.J., C. D.	Meekness	119,200 for the intemperate
28 S.	**1st after Easter.**—St. Paul of the Cross, C. F.	Love of Christ crucified	173,500 for spiritual favors
29 M.	St. Mark, Evangelist.—St. Peter, M.	Study of the Gospels	174,300 for temporal favors
30 T.	St. Catherine of Siena, V. **Pr.**	Kindness	1,132,700 for special, various

PLENARY INDULGENCE: D.—Degree; Pr.—Promoter; C.R.—Communion of Reparation; H.H.—Holy Hour; A.I.—Apostolic Indulgence.



Interests of the Sacred Heart

Family Unity

WAR brides are being brought to this country and welcomed generously by American newspapers, in an effort to encourage a spirit of welcome in American hearts. The Government and the press have so far done a noble work. Much more can be done in favor of family unity by also promoting changes for the better in divorce laws. At present, some newspapers do harm by featuring "human interest" stories of scandalous misbehavior; and judges in our land, acting in accordance with disastrous concessions to human weakness and irresponsible impulsiveness, grant divorces for trivial reasons.

For war brides and their husbands, the joy of reunion makes the first days happy in spite of weariness and nervousness. Afterwards, the happiness of life together depends on recognition and respect for laws higher than the law of the land.

A Great Work

FATHER Edward F. Garesché, S.J., Director of St. Patrick's Club for deferred vocations, announced that since the club was established in New York thirteen years ago by Father Corbett, S.J., fifty-five of the members have been ordained priests, and 155 are in seminaries in the United States and Canada.

Many in the Armed Forces have felt within themselves a call to the priesthood or to the brotherhood. The Secretary of the club will be glad to correspond with them. Address letters to St. Patrick's Club, 30 West Sixteenth Street, New York. Printed leaflets will be sent to Chaplains on request.

At the weekly meetings, time is given to the study of Latin. The members then hear an instruction from the Spiritual Director, assist at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and recite the office of the Blessed Virgin in Latin, as the Club has been erected as a Sodality by the Archdiocese of New York and affiliated with the *Prima Primaria.*

They also use the Club Library, and have conferences with the Spiritual Director to aid them in following their vocation. Representatives from dioceses where there is a need of priests and from Religious communities are invited to address the members, and former members who are now priests often come back to tell of their experiences and of the difficulties they had to

overcome, thus encouraging and informing the members.

A St. Patrick's Club has been formed in Washington, D.C., by Father Timothy Reardon, S.J., at 19 Eye Street. It is hoped that similar groups will be organized in other cities, in co-operation with the pioneer organization in New York.

The Rev. Thomas A. Kelly, C.S.C., of Notre Dame University, is conducting a correspondence course specifically for members of the Armed Forces who, intending to study for the priesthood, wish to begin the study of Latin immediately.

Africa

IN Africa there are still many thousands of souls involved in the darkness of witchcraft and superstition, but the Church has made great progress in a vast field ripe for the harvest. Father Remigius M. Villa, S.M.M., a missionary in southern Nyasaland, sends good news: "Forty years ago there was not a single Catholic in this section of Africa; now there are 164,000 administered to by 52 priests and 54 Sisters."

Fifty years ago, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary left Europe for the Congo, where, the Superioress wrote, "Our dormitory is not unlike a stable, and our refectory consists of a table with seven stools and two boxes to do duty for a cupboard. We just have to be patient." The present Superioress tells us what has been accomplished so far: "There are here a novitiate, elementary and normal schools, hospitals, a leprosarium, and a catechumenate for women and girls. Native nuns from our novitiate are already working in different parts of the Congo, whether French Equatorial Africa, Angola, or the Belgian Congo." Three millions of the ten million inhabitants of the Congo are now Catholics.

Convert Makers

A MEMBER of a group who devote themselves to making converts wrote to the Editor, suggesting that subscribers to the MESSENGER could do a very apostolic work by giving their copy, after they are finished with it, to a non-Catholic who is well-disposed. Her letter reads in part:

> The more times the copies are read, in that proportion is our opportunity of getting converts increased. Won't you encourage your readers to adopt this technique with respect to all Catholic literature? This would help very much to bring souls to God. Often a magazine is allowed to lie idle and unread during the several weeks of its current value.

This is a very good suggestion, and we recommend it warmly to our readers.

The Camillians

A VERY fine work of charity is carried on by the Camillians, a group of twelve lay men and women under the direction of Rev. Edmund T. Meehan, who publish a four-page paper bi-weekly for patients in hospitals. The paper expresses spiritual thoughts in a cheerful, instructive way that the sick should enjoy and appreciate.

Education in Europe

FATHER Bernard R. Hubbard, S.J., has returned from a visit to Jesuit houses in the various countries of Europe. They have lost everything; and the work of re-educating European youth will be possible only to heroic zeal and inspired courage in the face of humanly insuperable difficulties. Europe once looked upon North America as missionary territory, but now the relationship is reversed, and we will have to do all we can for Europe.

Students Strike

IT is not unusual to read of strikes, but it is unusual to read such news with a sense of satisfaction and warm approval. In Slovakia, which is eighty per cent Catholic, students in a junior college went on strike in protest against the removal of crucifixes from their classrooms. The crucifixes were restored after the students stayed away from school for two days.

Baptismal Certificate

A VERY beautiful Baptismal Certificate has been devised by Sister Mary Bernice, F. S. P. A. The text reads:

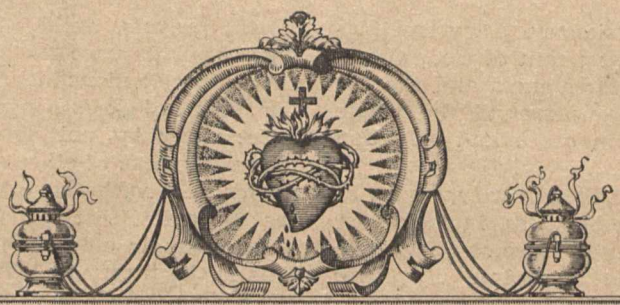
.... has been chosen and called to be a child of God through Holy Baptism by the goodness of God and His inscrutable decree. He was born out of God, reborn out of the water and the Holy Ghost, endowed with Divine Life, reformed according to the likeness of God to be a brother of Christ, elevated to be a temple of the Holy Ghost, transformed to be a member of the Body of Christ, grafted a branch into the Holy Vine, received into the sacred people, the kingly priesthood, the divine generation of the baptized sons and daughters of God. Now he is a member of the Holy Catholic Church. He has the right and the privilege to receive the Body of the Lord, to obtain remission of sins through Confession, to be filled with the Holy Spirit in Confirmation, to be a soldier of Christ. In the Ordination to the priesthood he can receive a share in the priesthood of Christ, or he can receive the Sacrament of Matrimony. In grave illness, any priest will follow his call to give him in the Sacrament of Holy Unction the Lord's blessing for the sick and the anointing for the last agony. He has the right to claim the blessings of Holy Church, he partakes in every Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered on this globe, and receives grace after grace out of the fullness of Christ and of the Saints, for his communion reaches up to the Seraphim that stand in the presence of the All High. When the Lord will call him to Himself, it is his privilege to be buried in the rite of the Church, because he is called to the glory of the resurrection and to the inexpressible joy of the blessed God, who lives and reigns for ever and ever. The Lord grant that he may be mindful of his vocation and live worthy of it.

Twelve Years in Moscow

ALMOST twelve years ago, the Roosevelt-Litvinov pact was signed, guaranteeing religious freedom to Americans in Russia. An American Assumptionist Father, Leopold Braun, A.A., went there to serve as an assistant to the Apostolic Administrator in Moscow, who then left for a vacation, and was not permitted to return. So Father Braun was left alone.

Quentin Reynolds announced some of the experiences that made the twelve years difficult. "His church was robbed five times, the vandals even committed the sacrilege of stealing sacred vessels from the altar. He complained each time, but the only satisfaction he received was a bill from the authorities. According to Soviet law all Church property (since 1917) belongs to the State, and Father Braun was held personally responsible for the loss."

Father Braun has now returned to this country, and his successor is Father George Antonio Laberge, A.A., of Central Falls, R. I. He will serve the 22,000 Catholics in Moscow. Leningrad has 30,000 Russian Catholics, with one Catholic church, but with no priest.



The League of the Sacred Heart

A Universal Apostolate

THE Catholic Church is essentially an apostolic organization. Not only by reason of its origin, its foundation by our Lord through the ministry and preaching of the Apostles; not only because it still teaches the same doctrines that were taught by the Apostles, and is governed by Bishops who are their successors in unbroken line; but it is also apostolic by reason of its Divine mission to save souls and lead men to God.

This apostolic mission extends to all men. It is the function and purpose of the Church to bring the fruits of the Redemption to all mankind. It is not only for those who are actually its members now or have been in the past. Its Divine Founder intended it to be the means of salvation for all human beings, of every land and race.

This universal mission was expressed in the final command of our Lord to His disciples, just before He left this earth and ascended into Heaven: "Go into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature!" Not just to certain favored souls, or to any group however large; to everyone in the whole world.

The Church is the continuation of Christ on earth, His Mystical Body. Its purpose is to continue and complete the work He came to perform: the salvation of the world. The one great business in life of every follower of Christ is to cooperate in that work, to bring to Him not only one's own soul but also the souls of others.

Priests do it by preaching, by administering the Sacraments, by missionary work, at home and in foreign lands. But how are the great body of the laity to be apostles? They cannot ascend the pulpit and preach sermons. They cannot go off to distant countries and spend their lives bringing the light of the Gospel to those who dwell in darkness and in the shadow of spiritual death. Yet, there are some things which all can do, some ways in which all can help.

One of the most important of these is the apostolate of prayer. Prayer has power to win extra graces from God to soften the hearts of sinners and unbelievers, to win souls for Christ. Our humble and hidden prayers can add efficacy to the voice of the preacher in the pulpit and the patient labors of the

foreign missionary. They can placate the just wrath of God, obtain His mercy for sinners and the dying, reach out around the whole world to win grace and salvation for souls.

And busy though we may be, at home or at business, in factory or shop, office or classroom, we can exercise the apostolate of prayer through all the day. By our Morning Offering, consecrating to God all the prayers, works, and sufferings of our day, we transform even our ordinary actions into prayers for the spread of God's Kingdom.

Yet more: by uniting our offerings with those of other apostles of prayer, and with the intentions of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we multiply their efficacy and power. This is the theory and the practice of the League of the Sacred Heart, our Apostleship of Prayer.

NEW LEAGUE CENTRES

DIOCESE	PLACE	NEW LOCAL CENTRES		DATE
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	St. Louis	Church	Jan. 10, 1946
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Ethelreda	School	Jan. 24, 1946
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O.	Resurrection	School	Jan. 17, 1946
Corpus Christi	La Parra Ranch, Tex.	Sacred Heart	Church	Jan. 21, 1946
Corpus Christi	Refugio, Tex.	Our Lady of Refuge	School	Jan. 4, 1946
Corpus Christi	Riviera, Tex.	Our Lady of Guadalupe	Church	Jan. 21, 1946
Corpus Christi	Sarita, Tex.	Our Lady of Guadalupe	Church	Jan. 21, 1946
Detroit	Detroit, Mich.	Catholic Central High	School	Jan. 21, 1946
Detroit	Detroit, Mich.	Holy Cross	Church	Oct. 8, 1945
Detroit	Detroit, Mich.	Our Lady of the Rosary	School	Jan. 17, 1946
Los Angeles	Alhambra, Calif.	Retreat House of the Sacred Heart		Jan. 24, 1946
New York	White Plains, N. Y.	Our Lady of the Assumption	Church	Jan. 21, 1946
Philadelphia	Mahanoy City, Pa.	St. Canicus	School	Jan. 10, 1946
Portland in Oregon	Chemawa, Ore.	St. Michael Archangel	Church	Jan. 10, 1946
Saginaw	Bad Axe, Mich.	Sacred Heart	School	Jan. 21, 1946
St. Louis	Normandy, Mo.	Marillac	Seminary	Jan. 4, 1946
Springfield in Illinois	Venice, Ill.	St. Mark	School	Jan. 17, 1946
Tucson	Bisbee, Ariz.	Sacred Heart	Church	Jan. 21, 1946
Winona	Chatfield, Minn.	St. Mary's	Church	Jan. 10, 1946
Winona	Hayfield, Minn.	Sacred Heart	Church	Jan. 17, 1946
Winona	Johnsburg, Minn.	St. John's	Church	Jan. 4, 1946

Total Number of New Centres, 21: Churches, 11; Schools, 8; Seminary, 1; Retreat House, 1.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS

DIOCESE	PLACE	LOCAL CENTRE		NO.
Cincinnati	Dayton, O.	Our Lady of the Rosary	Church	25
New York	New York, N. Y.	St. Elizabeth's	Church	5
Owensboro	Utica, Ky.	St. Anthony's	Church	20
Portland in Oregon	Portland, Ore.	St. Francis	School	8
San Francisco	Burlingame, Calif.	St. Catherine's	School	6
Wheeling	Weston, W. Va.	St. Patrick's	Church	16

Total Number of Receptions, 6; Diplomas Issued, 80.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

1. Acts of Charity	Over	442,800	11. Masses heard	Over 269,300
2. Beads	"	300,200	12. Mortifications	" 297,400
3. Way of the Cross	"	175,600	13. Works of Mercy	" 185,500
4. Holy Communion	"	256,100	14. Works of Zeal	" 180,900
5. Spiritual Communion	"	377,900	15. Prayers	" 2,609,100
6. Examen of Conscience	"	246,500	16. Kindly conversation	" 159,700
7. Hours of Labor	"	251,700	17. Suffering, Afflictions	" 155,200
8. Hours of Silence	"	267,400	18. Self-conquest	" 177,600
9. Pious reading	"	110,800	19. Visit to Bl. Sacrament	" 442,800
10. Masses read	"	4,100	20. Various good works	" 32,387,400

Total Good Works: 39,298,000



Our Question Box

What kind of work is considered so laborious that the worker is excused from the law of fasting?

Any kind which entails a great amount of physical or mental effort for the individual during a great part of the day. Two individuals doing the same kind of work are not necessarily both excused because of the nature of the work. One teacher may be heavily burdened, and another may have little to do. In doubtful cases, it is best to consult a priest in or out of Confession.

Are those who are not obliged to fast permitted to eat between meals?

Yes. They are under no restriction as to the quantity of food except that imposed by the ordinary law of temperance.

What was the relationship between the Herods mentioned in the Gospels and the Herods mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles?

Herod the Great was King when our Lord was born. His father had helped the Romans in the East. Herod was appointed by his father Governor of Galilee, was expelled by a Maccabean prince, and fled to Rome. There, through the influence of Mark Antony, he was crowned King of Judea by the Roman Senate. He ruled for thirty-seven years, and died during the infancy of our Lord. The Herod to whom Pontius Pilate sent our Lord was the son of Herod the Great. Herod Agrippa, who imprisoned Peter (Acts xii) and beheaded James, was grandson of Herod the Great; and the Agrippa before whom St. Paul defended himself (Acts xxvi) was the great-grandson of Herod the Great.

Is there a Heavenly patron for those who wish to obtain the grace of a happy marriage?

It would be well to pray to the Angel Raphael, who, as we read in the book of Tobias, arranged the marriage of Tobias and Sara, which was a very happy one.

The picture before which my family consecrated itself to the Sacred Heart represents our Lord, but the Heart of our Lord is not manifested.

To gain the Indulgences, a picture of the Sacred Heart must be used. If the Heart is not visible, it is not a picture or image of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Is there an Indulgence for those who serve Mass?

The Faithful who devoutly serve

a priest who is offering the Sacrifice of the Mass, may gain an Indulgence of three years.

Is there any regulation about the manner of representing the Sacred Heart?

The Holy Office prescribed that the representation of the Sacred Heart permitted to be exposed on the altars for public veneration must be not the Heart alone, but our Divine Lord showing His Heart. For private devotions the picture of the Heart alone is permitted.

Is it necessary to say the five decades of the Rosary during a single visit to the Blessed Sacrament in order to gain the Plenary Indulgence?

No. The decades may be separated; but the five decades must be completed within the space of a day in order to gain this Indulgence.

What argument can be used against those who deny the usefulness of infant Baptism?

Only those who die in the state of sanctifying grace enter Heaven. Baptism confers sanctifying grace, and it is the only way in which infants certainly acquire sanctifying grace. The law of the Church is: Let infants be baptized as soon as possible (Canon 770).

Is it better to have a single Mass said for a deceased friend, or to enroll him in a Purgatorial society so that he may share in a great number of Masses? Is it better to have one High Mass said for a deceased friend, or several Low Masses?

All of these practices are excellent, and the benefits in each case cannot be measured. There are advantages in each form not found in the others. A share in many Low Masses may be considered as ultimately equivalent to the fruit received from one single Low Mass applied to an individual. But the one Mass gives all of this benefit immediately. One High Mass has a liturgical excellence which is not found in Low Masses. The benefactor must decide in what particular way he will help his friend.

Do Catholics and Protestants agree on essentials?

No. The Infallibility of the Pope and his universal spiritual authority over all baptized persons is an essential doctrine of Christian Revelation. There is no doctrine on which all who call themselves Protestants agree. The rule of faith for a Protestant is his own judgment, and there is naturally disagreement among them on all points without exception. The Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, the Redemption, Grace, the Sacraments, are all essential doctrines, and there is no general agreement on them between Catholics and Protestants.

Why do we have to go to Confession?

Because our Lord wishes us to do so. He said to the Apostles on the first Easter Sunday: "Receive the Holy Spirit; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." Therefore the Apostles must act as judges, and decide to absolve or not to absolve. They must know the individual case in order to make this decision. So we are obliged to reveal our sins to one who possesses the power of absolving which was given to the Apostles and their successors.

What is vainglory?

Vainglory consists in an excessive effort to attract attention to real or pretended gifts of soul, mind, or body. It is a source of boasting, affectation, ostentatious display, hypocrisy, and immodesty.

Is there a form of the Rosary of the Sacred Heart other than that mentioned in the February "Question Box"?

"There are various forms of the 'Beads of the Sacred Heart,' composed of different sets of Indulgenced prayers. There is no need, however, for special beads. By repeating certain Indulgenced ejaculations, according to one's choice, with the ordinary string of beads, a perfect treasury of Indulgences is obtained. As a private form of devotion, it can be adapted to one's inclination." (From "My Prayer Book," by Father Lasance.)

Why are not Catholics of the Latin Rite permitted to drink of the chalice of our Lord's Blood?

When this question was discussed at the Council of Trent, it was decided to retain the custom of receiving only under one species lest a new custom should seem to indicate the necessity of receiving under both species. In order to receive the full fruit of the Eucharist as a Sacrament, it is sufficient to receive our Lord under the appearances of bread, since He is there present in Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity. Additional considerations which influenced the decision were: The danger of spilling the Precious Blood if the chalice were to be given to a great number; the danger of not getting enough wine to some territories; and also the dislike of some people for the taste of wine.

Are some Catholic priests allowed to marry?

No. But it is true that in some of the Eastern Uniate Churches, married men are permitted to become priests and to continue to live according to the obligations of the married state. (By Uniate Churches we mean those groups of Catholics united with us in belief and subject to the Pope, but who have different liturgies and disciplinary laws.) In the Latin Church, a man who has a wife cannot, ordinarily, become a priest. If an exception is granted, the wife must make a vow of perpetual chastity, after testifying that she freely consents to the whole arrangement.

Is it a lie to fool some one on April 1, if no harm can result?

It would not be a lie to try to fool some one if the humorous lack of sincerity is easily discoverable because of what is said or how it is said. Such jokes would be true lies when no clue is given to the lack of sincerity. The sin, if the joke is harmless, would be a venial sin, and therefore in no wise permissible.

Jokes cannot be considered as innocent or harmless if they are likely to result in painful embarrassment, public humiliation, a gross loss of time, or a large measure of wasted effort.

Is there a Saint named Imelda?

Blessed Imelda was a young girl, a student in the Dominican convent at Bologna. Very holy, she received her First Holy Communion in a miraculous manner. She died at the age of thirteen, and her feast-day is celebrated on May 12.

N.B. — Questions will not be answered by personal letters. Inquiries about personal sins or marriage cases should be made in person to a priest who can make all necessary inquiries about the details. Anonymous questions are not answered; names and addresses are not published. It is impossible to answer all the hundreds of questions received, and those of general interest are given the preference. Address questions to "Our Question Box."



Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart

Recovery of Priest

Dallas, Texas. — "Eight months ago, a priest was on his way to his church to say Mass. In trying to get out of the way of a truck, his car was hit and he was thrown out. All hope for him was given up — both doctors said his recovery was an impossibility. At that time we applied the Badge of the Sacred Heart, as a prayer for Divine aid, and made a promise of publication. Thanks to the Sacred Heart, he recovered. He left the hospital a few weeks ago, and is able to say Mass every day."

Soldier Aided

Ohio. — "Several months ago, while I was stationed in the Philippine Islands, I was taken ill with polyneuritis. At the time my affliction was diagnosed, the doctors could not determine definitely whether it would result in any permanent disabilities, but that was probable. I was evacuated to the States and informed that I would require hospitalization for from six months to a year. While awaiting evacuation I attended daily Mass, and offered my prayers to the Sacred Heart in petition for a complete and speedy recovery. I am now in a hospital just one month since my evacuation from the Islands, and the disease and all of its manifestations have completely disappeared, without the aid of any medical or surgical therapy. The doctors said it was a remarkable recovery. I leave the hospital tomorrow, and wish to make this acknowledgment of my thanks to the Sacred Heart for His mercy to me."

Able to Walk Again

West Chester, Pa. — "Three years ago, I fell and broke my hip. Because of other conditions, several doctors told me that I would never be able to walk again. However, I did not give up hope; I recommended my case to the Divine Physician, wore a Badge of the Sacred Heart, and promised publication if I would again be able to walk. For several weeks I have been walking, first with the aid of crutches, then a cane, and now on my own. The bones have knit in spite of the doctors' verdict. Thanks be to the Sacred Heart of Jesus!"

GENERAL FAVORS

For many of these favors Mass and publication were promised; for others the Badge or Promoter's Cross was used as a petition for Divine help; for others, the prayers of the Associates had been asked.

Alabama. — Recovery, successful examination, satisfactory report, tongue healed, work resumed.

Arizona. — Five recoveries, safe delivery, successful operation, normal temperature.

Arkansas. — Son's safe return.

California. — Eleven recoveries, two successful operations, two safe deliveries, situation, operation avoided, leg healed, safe return of son and grandsons, fire extinguished, town saved, motherhood, keys found, fracture healed, strike averted, paper found, leg healed, amputation averted.

Colorado. — Recovery.

Connecticut. — Four recoveries, situation, two successful operations, operation avoided, successful examination, favorable diagnosis, hemorrhage stopped, throat healed, safe return of servicemen, promotion, sore healed, steady employment, financial aid, son's safe return, honorable discharge, relief from nervousness.

Delaware. — Sons' safe return from overseas.

District of Columbia. — Two recoveries, preservation from contagion, favorable diagnosis, hemorrhage stopped, favorable transfer, return to the Sacraments after thirty years.

Florida. — Three recoveries, successful operation, successful examination, complications averted, favorable diagnosis, hospitalization averted, protection during hurricane, brother's safe return, favorable assignment.

Georgia. — Favorable diagnosis.

Idaho. — Recovery, operation avoided, favorable X-ray, safe return from overseas, preservation from fire.

Illinois. — Thirteen recoveries, four successful operations, situation, safe delivery, nephew saved, scandal avoided, relief from nervousness, favorable X-ray, letter received, cessation of pain, intemperance overcome, car started, life spared, deferment, successful dental work, return to the Sacraments, marriage rectified, transfer secured.

Indiana. — Seven recoveries, situation, health improved, financial aid, graduation from O.C.S., success in studies, admission to Novitiate, relief from nervousness, mind restored, favorable classification, apartment found, reconciliation of husband and wife, leg healed.

Iowa. — Four recoveries, four successful operations, three safe deliveries, normal child, happy death, safe plane trips, health improved, school secured, certificate received, baldness averted.

Kansas. — Four recoveries, two safe deliveries, two successful operations, evidence secured.

Kentucky. — Two recoveries, operation avoided, son's safe return, safe journey, sore healed, reconciliation, successful dental work, knee healed, health improved.

Louisiana. — Four recoveries, two successful operations, situation, safe delivery, cessation of pain, furlough granted, brother's safe return, crop saved.

Maine. — Recovery, two operations avoided, preservation from accident, protection during storm, cessation of pain, son's safe return from overseas.

Maryland. — Five recoveries, situation, successful operation, operation avoided, home found, favorable diagnosis.

Massachusetts. — Eleven recoveries, eight successful operations, three operations avoided, correct diagnosis, cessation of pain, hemorrhage stopped, finger healed, hospitalization averted, return to the Sacraments, son's safe return, wrist healed, conversion, protection during storm, Baptism, tongue healed, saved from drowning, arm healed, swelling reduced, sight improved, cough stopped, property sold, nose healed, undesirable company keeping stopped, ear healed, position retained.

Michigan. — Ten recoveries, five successful operations, three safe deliveries, situation, normal child, hand healed, protection during storm, finger healed, daughter's safe return, work resumed, peace in family, hand healed, relief from nervousness, strength for ordeal, money found, grandson's safe return, tongue healed, favorable diagnosis, foot healed.

Minnesota. — Three recoveries, four safe deliveries, successful examination, normal child, preservation from contagion, favorable weather, success with crops, cessation of pain, safe journey, preservation from illness, lawsuit won, blood-pressure reduced, undesirable marriage averted.

Mississippi. — Two recoveries.

Missouri. — Ten recoveries, two successful operations, successful examination, hospitalization averted, honorable discharge, happy marriage, fiance's safe return from overseas, safe plane trips, relief from nervousness, work resumed, foot healed, peace in family, safe furlough, home secured, son's safe return.

Montana. — Two recoveries, operation avoided, favorable classification, cessation of pain.

Nebraska. — Four recoveries, two successful operations, work resumed, trouble averted, successful harvest, debt paid, health improved, safe journey, son's safe return.

Nevada. — Intemperance overcome.

New Hampshire. — Two recoveries, successful operation, situation, conversion, promotion.

New Jersey. — Fifteen recoveries, three successful operations, two situations, successful examination, cessation of pain, night's sleep, husband and wife reunited, preservation from illness, favorable X-ray, reconciliation, brother's safe return, eye saved, sight restored, success with moving, health improved, Retreat made, condition improved.

New York. — Thirty-two recoveries, three successful operations, two operations avoided, two safe deliveries, two successful examinations, two situations, son's safe return from overseas, successful formula, happy death, money found, coal secured, nephews' return from overseas, life spared, return to the Sacraments, nurse secured, letter received, relief from anxiety, trouble averted, important papers returned, home found, husband's safe return, difficulty overcome, hemorrhages stopped, article found, favorable assignment, relief from nervousness.

North Carolina. — Recovery.

North Dakota. — Recovery, successful operation, favorable transfer.

Ohio. — Nineteen recoveries, seven successful operations, three operations avoided, two situations, safe delivery, appointment kept, relief rom nervousness, night's sleep, favorable assignment, home found, financial aid, hospitalization averted, husband's safe return from overseas, honorable discharge, successful treatments, cessation of pain, mouth healed, son's safe return from overseas, intemperance overcome, relief from asthma, nephew's safe return, ankle healed, ability to walk again, favorable X-rays, preservation from illness, transportation secured, protection during storm.

Oklahoma. — Situation, successful examination, car repaired, business secured.

Oregon. — Four recoveries, successful operation, knee healed, health improved, normal temperature, hospitalization averted.

Pennsylvania. — Eighteen recoveries, four successful operations, two operations avoided, two safe deliveries, situation, appetite regained, favorable diagnosis, sore healed, husband's safe return, health improved, peace of mind, article found, lawsuit averted, estate settled, money found, normal temperature, relief from nausea, brother's safe return from overseas, eye healed, cessation of pain, sister's release from hospital, fiance's safe return.

Rhode Island. — Three recoveries, successful operation, undesirable marriage averted, son's safe return from overseas, side healed, apartment secured, safety of nephew.

South Carolina. — Recovery, successful operation, safe investment.

South Dakota. — Four recoveries, successful operation, feet healed, cessation of pain, ulcer healed, studies resumed.

Tennessee. — Recovery, honorable discharge.

Texas. — Four recoveries, successful operation, mouth healed, son's safety, cattle saved, attendance at brother's First Mass, health improved, happy marriage.

Vermont. — Recovery, safe delievery, normal child, relief from anxiety, abscess healed, ulcers healed.

Virginia. — Recovery, two safe deliveries, normal child, cessation of pain, furlough granted, boy's return home.

Washington. — Three recoveries, situation, attendance at Catholic school, home secured, article found, trouble overcome, favorable X-ray, eyes healed.

West Virginia. — Two recoveries, safe delivery, operation avoided, normal child.

Wisconsin. — Eight recoveries, two successful operations, two operations avoided, two safe deliveries, two situations, peace of mind, health restored, help secured during illness, son's safe return from overseas, money found, position retained, home retained, leg healed, favorable X-ray, preservation from tetanus, apartment secured, Confession, Communion, attendance at Mass, mortgage paid, tax refund received, debts collected, preservation from illness, hearing retained, letter received.

Thanks are also expressed by Promoters, Associates, and readers, for many other spiritual and temporal favors.

There is no charge for publication of thanksgivings; all thanksgivings, however, should be addressed to the Thanksgiving Department, 515 East Fordham Road, New York 58, N. Y. The names of senders are never published. If no particular favor is specified, the thanksgiving is included in the general note at the end. **It is not possible to record all the favors reported to us. Promise of publication is fulfilled by writing to our office.**



Some Good Books

The State in Catholic Thought. By Heinrich A. Rommen, LL.D. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis 2, Mo. 747 pp. $6.00.

In his Christmas Message of 1945, Pope Pius XII pointed out that the war was brought about by false doctrines, "errors of which the essential element was the overthrow, denial, and contempt of Christian thought and principles." There is but one remedy: "to go back to the order fixed by God also in relations between States and peoples; to go back to a real Christianity within the State and among States." Most timely, then, is Dr. Rommen's scholarly treatise, which examines in great detail the order that should exist between States and peoples, and between States themselves.

A profound and extensive study of the principles of civil government is an important contribution to the solution of today's problems. Dr. Rommen remarks in the Preface: "In wartime the people willingly concede extraordinary powers to their government. All-out war begets all-out governmental control of the lives of its citizens. Even in normal times the efficiency, or seeming efficiency, of totalitarianism may conceal the fundamental errors on which it is based. It is, therefore, fitting and timely that we re-examine the basic principles of civil government."

The book is divided into four parts; the first treats of Philosophical Foundations; the second, the Philosophy of the State; the third, Church and State; the fourth, the Community of Nations. Teachers of Ethics in our seminaries and colleges will find in this book abundant material for lectures on the State; they will welcome the careful presentation of historical facts and philosophical principles. Dr. Rommen is to be congratulated on an excellent work.

JOHN J. MCMAHON, S.J.

A Canadian Mystic: Mother Catherine Aurelie of the Precious Blood. By a Religious of the Precious Blood. The Sister Adorers of the Most Precious Blood, Brooklyn, N. Y. 190 pp. $2.00.

Mother Catherine Aurelie was the foundress of the Institute of the Sister Adorers of the Precious Blood. She was born in Canada in 1833. Blessed with extraordinary graces and severe sufferings, she attained to great heights of prayerful union with God. Bishop Bourget of Mont-

real counseled her to found a community, and this she did in 1861. Final approbation was obtained from Rome in 1896.

Her spirit is revealed in the earnest prayer: "I thirst to share Thy sorrows, to weep over the outrages and forgetfulness of sinners;" and her purpose in founding the Institute was to form "Victim" souls who would offer their sufferings in union with the sacrifice of our Divine Lord, and whose hearts would "return Him love for love . . . and compensate Him for the neglect, the indifference, and the impiety of sinners." She died in 1905.

The pages of this book are filled with quotations from the writings of this holy foundress. The self-revelation of a true mystic is a grace for devout souls, who, as they read, are moved to continual acts of the love of God, wonderful in His Saints.

The Life of Father Pro. By the Rev. M. D. Forrest, M.S.C. Radio Replies Press, St. Paul 1, Minn. 130 pp. $1.00.

After a chapter on the history of the anti-religious laws that have oppressed the Catholics of Mexico, Father Forrest retells many incidents from the life of the lively, quick-witted, mischievous, high-spirited youth, whose personality has become widely known. After entering the Jesuit Novitiate, he made his studies in Spain, was ordained in 1925, and returned to Mexico on July 7, 1926. Three weeks later, public religious services were suppressed; then the irrepressible cleverness of Father Pro became useful for the salvation of souls.

What he accomplished was far beyond the powers of natural energy and genius; it could only be due to real holiness. Going from house to house, he brought Holy Communion to seven hundred on one First Friday, to nine hundred and fifty on another, to twelve hundred on a third. He organized a company of three hundred young men whom he trained as religious lecturers, whose secret ministry reached eleven thousand children in addition to innumerable adults.

At last he was arrested, and his apostolate in Mexico ended with martyrdom on November 23, 1927. He was summoned from his prison cell, and was led to the courtyard. Facing the soldiers, he stretched forth his arms in the form of a cross, and exclaimed: "With all my heart I forgive my enemies." Then, as he uttered the favorite ejaculation of the Mexican martyrs, "Long live Christ the King!", the volley was fired, and the beloved Father Pro, idol of the people of Mexico City, fell dead, riddled with bullets.

The Lance of Longinus. By Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein. The Macmillan Co., New York, N. Y. 166 pp. $2.00.

Here is a delightful little story that should appeal to many, especially during Lent or Holy Week. It is centered around the centurion Longinus, a Roman soldier who witnesses the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, the trial before the weakling Pilate, and the sad events on Golgotha. Longinus, a pagan and a loyal Roman, who, remembering the prophetic utterances of his mother and the recent conversations with his Hibernian friend Marcius, finds his faith in the ancient gods weakening. As a last defence of his faith, he thrusts his lance into the side of the Crucified. Then looking up into the face on the Cross, Longinus sees the light.

With a few vivid strokes of the pen, the author makes the people and places of Jerusalem stand forth as if we were actually present. His

knowledge of Roman army life and custom is the result of long and deep study, and as a result Longinus is not a mere name, but a vivid personality. The battle within his soul, the conflict of the old with the new-born faith, and the final triumph of the Son of God who is truly risen, makes instructive and entertaining reading.

N. H. GAMBERT, S.J.

Above the Blue. By Mary Catherine Rose. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. 49 pp. $1.75.

This is a child's idea of Heaven, for children of four to seven years. Ten stories, adapted to fit into a child's imagination and experience, are delightfully illustrated by delicately colored pictures of baby Angels and Saints who laugh and play and sing and are ever happy in their love for God and His friends. Youngsters will enjoy hearing the stories read while they feast their eyes on the pictures.

The Man Who Built the Secret Door. By Sister Mary Charitas, S.S.N.D. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. 130 pp. $1.50.

In twelve readable and imaginative sketches this charming book gives us human-interest pictures of Saints representing various walks of life. "The Man Who Built the Secret Door" is St. Joseph, and he made it as a way into Heaven for his own special clients. St. Ignatius Loyola is "Marathon Winner with a Broken Leg;" St. Thomas More is "The Man Who Died Laughing;" St. Elizabeth of Hungary appears as "A Perfect Success — at Twenty-Four;" and the holiness of our Lady herself hides under the domestic title of "Two Cups Flour, One Cup Milk."

These few examples are typical of the whole book. It clothes solid piety with humor and attractiveness, and should prove interesting as well as inspiring to Catholics of both sexes from high-school age and up.

S. L. J. O'B., S.J.

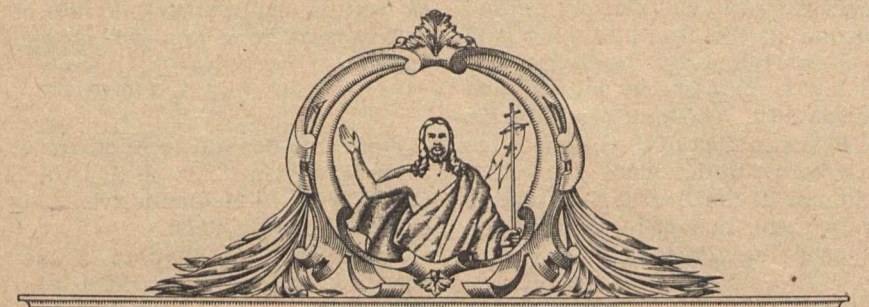
From One Convert to Another. By John M. Riach, C.S.P. J. S. Paluch Co., 2708-12 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill. 112 pp. $1.00.

A convert, the Paulist Father Riach offers advice to other converts, in the form of friendly letters. Converts experience a period of adjustment, during which they must make new advances into Catholic truth and practice. They are not accustomed to the simple procedure of the confessional. The Catechism does not mention everything familiar to fervent Catholics. What is a Retreat? A Missal? Spiritual reading? What are the names of some good Catholic magazines, and what is the particular purpose of each?

Not all Catholic critics will agree whole-heartedly with everything said in the letter entitled: "A Comment on Realism." One sentence reads: "Robert Louis Stevenson defined love as 'a passionate friendship' and a better description has yet to come from any pen." But there is no doubt that converts will find the book interesting and helpful.

An Examination of Conscience for Married Couples. By Edwin C. Haungs, S.J. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. $.10. A lengthy and searching examination, intended not as a preparation for Confession, but as a safeguard of a happy marriage. One very practical series of questions is for husbands, the other for wives.

Why Squander Illness? Radio Replies Press, St. Paul 1, Minn. $.15. Prayers and thoughts for Catholic and non-Catholic hospital patients.



Our Beloved Dead

The Rev. John Aguela, S.J., Manila, P. I.
The Rev. Patrick Bugler, Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Rev. Joseph Burke, Wilmington, Del.
The Rt. Rev. James Charters, St. Albans, N. Y.
The Rev. Henry A. Curtin, Liberty, N. Y.
The Rev. John J. Dwyer, S.J., Boston, Mass.
The Rev. Richard Gleason, S.J.,
San Francisco, Calif.
The Rev. Edwin N. Herbert, S.J., Philadelphia, Pa.
The Rt. Rev. Sylvester Higgins, New York, N. Y.
The Rev. Joseph A. Maloney, S.J., Reading, Pa.
†The Very Rev. John L. Plunkett, Watertown, N. Y.
The Rev. Oliver Skelly, S.J., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
The Rev. Henry Wessling, S.J., Boston, Mass.
Brother David Conroy, S.J., Baltimore, Md.
Brother John Ditman, S.J., Philadelphia, Pa.
Brother Egbert Reilly, Notre Dame, Ind.
Sr. Albina, O.S.B., Minnesota.
Sr. M. Angela Joseph, O.S.F., Reading, Pa.
Sr. Ann Vincent Henegan, Nazareth, Ky.
Mother M. of the Assumption, O.S.U.,
Shawinigan Falls, Canada.
*Sr. M. Augustine, Toronto, Canada.
Sr. M. Hortense Barclay, Greensburg, Pa.
Sr. M. Clementine Becher, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sr. M. Prudentiana Brennan, Holy Cross, Ind.
Sr. Maria Teresa Browning, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sr. M. Delphine Carroll, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sr. M. Columban Cody, Butte, Mont.
Sr. Eugenie Cote, R.S.C.J., Grand Coteau, La.
Sr. M. Cunigunda, S.S.J.,Cheltenham, Pa.
Sr. M. Xavier Farrell, Greensburg, Pa.
Sr. M. Eligius Flynn, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sr. Gertrude, Youngstown, O.
Sr. M. of St. Natalie Gorman, Detroit, Mich.
Sr. Francis Xavier Hennessy, Greensburg, Pa.
Sr. M. Lucy Horahan, Toronto, Canada.
Sr. M. of St. Adrian Hussey, Detroit, Mich.
Sr. M. John of Our Mother of Sorrows,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Sr. M. Juletta Keating, Topeka, Kans.
Sr. M. Germaine Kennedy, Toronto, Canada.
Sr. M. Timotheus Kovalick, Washington, D. C.
Sr. M. Bartholomew Kircker, Troy, N. Y.
Mother M. Ursula Landry, New Orleans, La.
Sr. M. Helena Laughlin, Nazareth, Mich.
Sr. Regina Lipp, R.S.C.J., San Francisco, Calif.
Mother Gabrielle Mallman, R.S.C.J.,
St. Louis, Mo.
Sr. M. of St. Eusebius Murphy, Boston, Mass.
Sr. Philomene Marie, Winooski, Vt.
Mother Suzanne Plaque, R.S.C.J., St. Louis, Mo.
Mother St. Rose, R.J.M., Highland Mills, N. Y.
Sr. M. Cosma Stein, Oldenburg, Ind.
Mother Frances Sullivan, R.S.C.J., Clayton, Mo.
Mother M. Veronica, O.S.F., Reading, Pa.
Sr. M. John Walck, Denver, Colo.
Sr. M. Francesca Walsh, Troy, N. Y.

Alabama. — James McDermott, Mary McDermott, Mrs. M. Russell.

Arkansas. — Gregory Pierini.

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The Complete Picture

[Continued from page 38]

the grocer realized that I intended to intervene, he released his hold on the boy, and demanded an explanation. In a voice loud enough for my neighbors in the store to hear, and in no uncertain terms, I told George that the boy was living with us permanently, and I expected that he would be treated as one of my family. Furthermore, if George had any objections, he could figure up my bill immediately, and I would close my account.

"Although I sounded very sure of myself, inwardly I was terrified. I knew that Eddie had stolen food from this store; but I was counting on the number of years I had been trading there to save me. It did. The grocer was very disgruntled at first, and asked if I knew the boy's record. I explained that I knew it very well, and that Eddie was ready to apologize for past trouble he had caused. Then George calmed down; he is really a very good man. He listened to Eddie's mumbled apology, and even extended his hand in friendship to the boy. Silently, I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving."

Father Wilson was rubbing his hands together.

"That was magnificently done!" he said enthusiastically. "A youngster will almost invariably live up to the confidence you have in him; if he knows you trust him, he won't let you down."

"Eddie has been with us eight months now, and we have never had a complaint about him," said Mrs. McGuire happily. "Growing boys and girls need some one who believes in them."

"That is certainly true," agreed the priest.

"Now, one more important factor," continued the lady of the house. "We guardians of the home should remember that a healthy mind is

WHEN THE POPE SAYS ALL

He doesn't mean a few



Do you know what Pius XII recently said to the laity? Do you know how he emphasized your obligation to work hard and constantly to build up the Church? Here are his words:

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That this desire of the Vicar of Christ on earth is not being carried out in our times is one of the Church's greatest handicaps.

Are you merely sitting on the sidelines, watching the onward movement of the Church? Then Pius XI was speaking of you when he said: "They should be told what many of the faithful still do not know, that the apostolate is one of the duties inherent in Christian life."

This is really a responsibility which should smite your conscience. According to your capacity, you have the work of the Church to do, whoever you are, wherever you are.

Perhaps you have been dimly and vaguely aware of this. Perhaps you did not know what to do or how to start. Perhaps you tried, but your efforts were unsuccessful and short-lived. What you need is a definite, workable plan.

If you are a confirmed Catholic who is willing to develop a loving zeal for Christ's "other sheep" and to permit yourself to be trained in the simple essentials necessary for conducting your own apostolate among those whom you meet, with whom you live and work, we can help you. Simply write and ask for the Plan of the One Fold Movement.

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a good, clean mind; and it grows best in a healthy body. Months ago we worked out a health program for Eddie which would delight the heart of any high school coach. The results are written in his every feature. Eddie has gained twenty-one pounds. He is entirely self-supporting, earning his board and room by helping me around the house. He has $37.50 in the bank. His wardrobe is neat and adequate, and he bought all of it with his own money. His school attendance is perfect, and his marks are good. He is most diligent in the practice of his Faith. In other words, he is a good boy today. That, Father, is the story of Eddie Bancroft."

"Indeed, indeed, Mrs. McGuire," said Father Wilson, "your story has been an inspiration; it has filled me with ideas on how to begin my work in this section. If I can find a few more people in this parish with your zeal and determination to help me, we can have a Youth Center established in no time. Now if I could meet some of these boys under the right circumstances, I would feel that I have made a start."

"Father, Jim is expected home on leave soon, and we are planning a home-coming party for him. Won't you drop in that evening?"

"That would be ideal!" he beamed, "and I cannot think of a better way to begin. Mrs. McGuire, you have been a great help. And now I must be going."

Rising from his chair he extended his hand to his hostess.

"The coffee was excellent; and when the time comes for the church supper, I won't forget that you can make delicious rolls."

"There'll be plenty of both at Jim's home-coming," Mrs. McGuire promised, as Father stepped onto the porch.

The rain had stopped, and a breeze carried a promise of early Spring as the priest made his way back to the rectory.

"This problem of juvenile delin-



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quency started at home, and home is the place where it must be settled," he thought to himself. "A very simple sentence," he suddenly realized, "but I think it *has* something. I'm going to adopt that simple statement as the slogan for my campaign."

He started to walk briskly, filled with plans and courageous hopefulness.

Stella Maria

[Continued from page 51]

mained absorbed in this prayer, almost, as it were, making up in intensity for all the lost time of her previous life during which Christ had not entered her soul in Holy Communion.

As we gathered together the sick-call set, we could see the great gratitude and happiness which filled the heart of Stella Maria; and as we were leaving she begged us to return again, and whispered in her weakened tones,

"Good-by, Father; I'm glad I called you for that blessing."

And to the nurse, mindful of her new relationship, the dying woman said: "Good-by, 'Mother.' Please come in again to see me."

The next day we went again to the hospital, and Stella Maria received Extreme Unction. When the anointings were finished, I said to her:

"We have brought you our Lord again in Holy Communion."

A puzzled look came over her face.

"But Father, the Lord came to me yesterday; didn't He remain with me? Isn't He still here in my heart?"

It took a little explanation to tell her that our Lord was certainly in her heart, but still wished to visit her anew in Holy Communion. She understood, and once again, for the last time, the King of Kings, who had so often fed the sick along

can't work. Her mind is always on visions."

"Well," said Father Forest, "I'm sure we all agree that such things have occurred. Did you note any spirit of disobedience or pride in her?"

"Well spoken!" Father Claude quietly commented.

"That is only a negative test," said Father Francois, impatiently.

All realized that to continue the subject might mean argument and unpleasant disagreement, rather than conversation. So another topic was gracefully introduced by Father Bouillet, and all tension was relaxed.

When the meal was over and the guests had departed, Father de la Colombière retired to his room. Exhausted in mind and body, he could not sleep. Was he possibly wrong in his strong conviction that Sister Margaret Mary was favored with truly Heavenly visions which would touch the heart of the world in which he lived, the world which he knew so well in all its cynical coldness and bold sin? He resolved to proceed slowly, and to pray much for light, for true supernatural understanding, prudence, and wisdom. And then, blessing himself, and commending himself to the protection of the Blessed Mother and the Angels, he slept.

(To be continued)

VOCATION

[Continued from page 8]

THE SISTERS OF THE LITTLE COMPANY OF MARY devote their lives to the care and assistance of the sick and dying. Candidates between 17 and 30 years of age are accepted. For further information write to The Little Company of Mary Novitiate, San Pierre, Indiana or to The Little Company of Mary Hospital, Evergreen Park, Illinois.

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[Continued on page 82]



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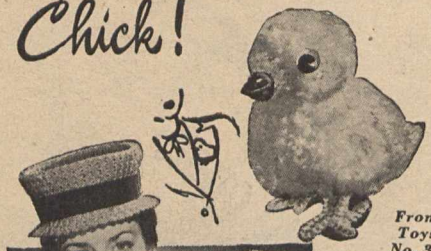
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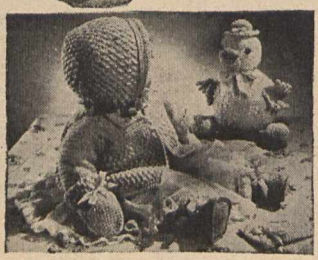
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VOCATION

[Continued from page 81]

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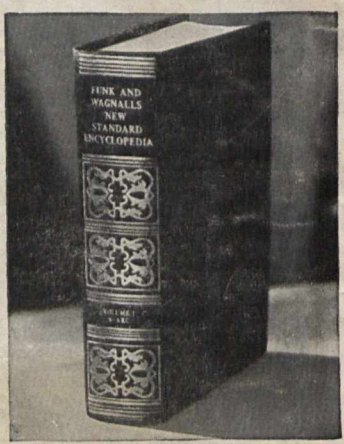
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